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DECEMBER, 1899.

New Series.

# The Leisure Hour

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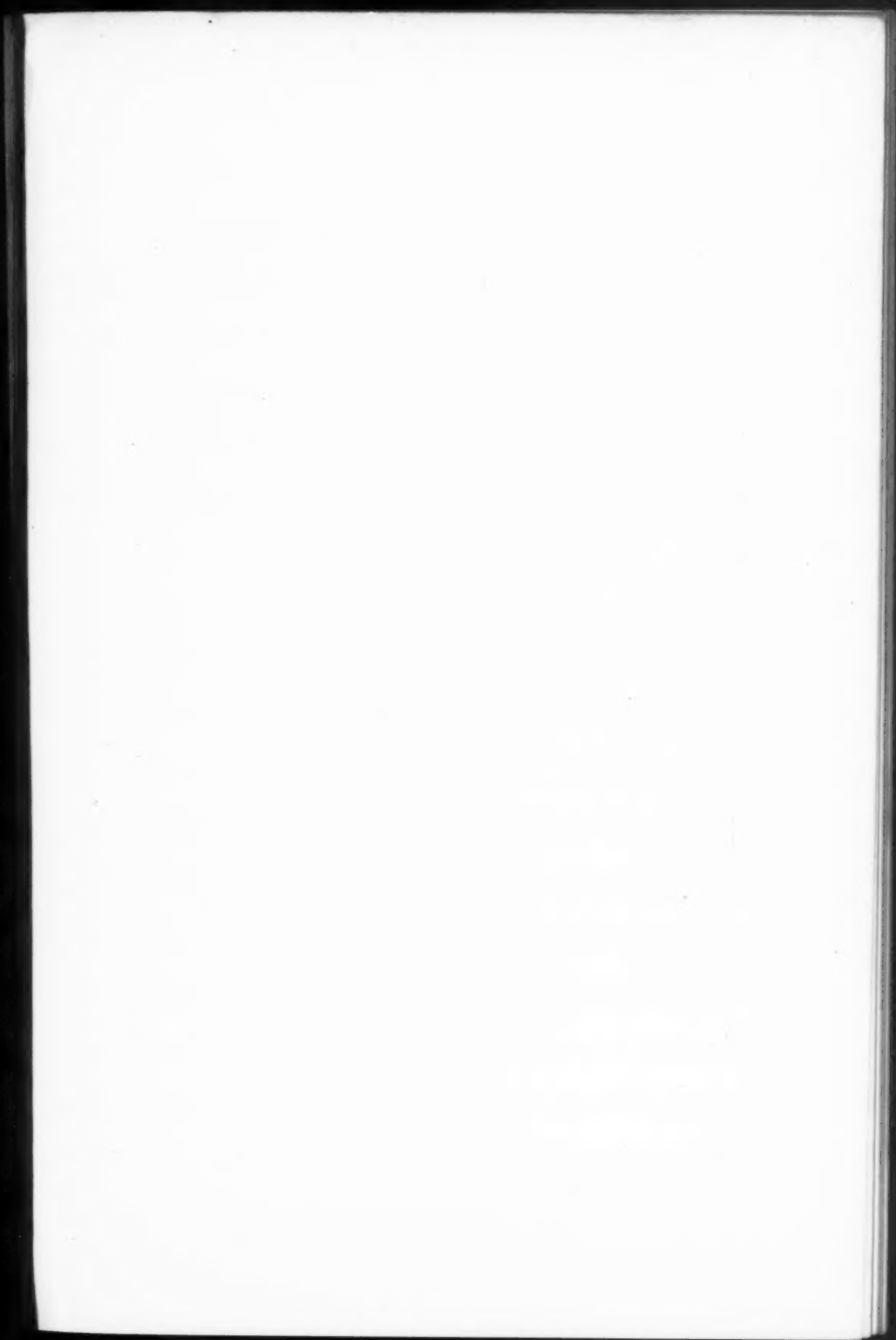
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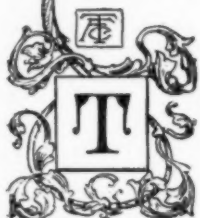
THE MINUET.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY  
SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

# THE ALABASTER BOX

By  
WALTER BESANT

## CHAPTER III.—SUNDAY



THE first day of Gerald's week was Sunday. This morning, above all days of the week at the Settlement, is a time of quiet. The members lingered over breakfast. There was not much talk. We should never begin any day with conversation which means discussion, argument, mental effort, or perhaps disturbance. The week, or the day, with its duties and responsibilities, should be approached with respect and the preparation of a mind fresh and undisturbed. Even the most brilliant talker likes to have his morning free from epigram or repartee; attack or defence. None of the good things are ever said at breakfast: the impromptu and the unexpected turn belong to the evening.

Gerald sat next to Helen. In her capacity as Warden she received the guests of the Settlement. In this case she had an unusual visitor—one who was in opposition. Most of the visitors came in alleged sympathy with objects which they erroneously supposed to be the purpose of the Settlement; as if it were a college, a polytechnic, an almonry, a mission house, a proselytising centre, a labour bureau, or a place for the diffusion of æsthetic tastes in dress and furniture. Then Helen instructed them and sent them away with a wider sympathy. In this case the open hostility of her visitor interested her more than any half informed sympathy.

"We do not inquire into anyone's religious opinions," she said. "Church and Chapel: No Church, Low Church, High Church; we have them all with us, so that I am not inquiring into your views, Mr. Moorsom, when I ask you what your plans are for the day."

"I have no plans at all."

"Then I think I should like to show you something on the religious side—if you will put yourself into my hands. Your friend Jem Crozier spends his Sunday morning chiefly at his doss house with the men."

The church bells were ringing when they stepped into the street. Not the loud and confused jangle of chimes that we may hear in the City, where the churches, even after the havoc of late years, still stand thick and close together. Ratcliffe spoke unto Stepney, and Stepney answered unto Poplar, reminding each other that it was Sunday morning, and that service was about to begin, if any cared to attend.

A light October mist hung over the streets through which the copper disc of the sun was mysteriously visible: the mist blurred the outlines of the houses and smudged the distant view. Yet, even with this advantage, the streets preserved their monotony of depressing ugliness. Yet they looked less terrible. From the river behind them came the occasional whistle of a siren.

Gerald was still in his unsympathetic mood. He was not disposed to find in the religious side of the quarter more interest than in any other side. The people were as

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they were: as they must always be. Yet, being a man, and a young man, and therefore open to feminine influence, he followed, as he was bidden, this woman of the sweet and serious face and the strong and tender eyes, who ruled the Settlement.

"You are stepping," she said, "beyond the reach of Blue Books and Reports. Here are the raw materials, if you can stoop to pick them up. The man who can read the Book of the Streets aright may become a Prophet, or a Poet, or a Leader of the people. But I fear that you prefer the Blue Book."

"How long does it take to read the Book of the Streets? A week?"

"You may spend all your life reading it, and still you will find something new every day."

"Is the Book worth reading?"

"There is no Book like it. All that poets can do is to get at a page or two here and there out of this book. All that Reports and Commissions can do is to take a few figures, mostly incorrectly quoted, out of this book."

"I suppose," said Gerald, looking about him, "that you leave them alone on Sundays?"

The streets were strangely quiet. There were no women on the doorsteps, no men or boys hanging about the corners, and only a few children playing in the road.

"Sunday morning is our quietest time," Helen replied. "The men are in bed; the girls are in bed; they lie there till midday on Sunday; the wives wash the children and make the dinner; they all have as copious a dinner on Sundays as they can afford. In the afternoon and evening you will see them turning out."

They marched along in silence for awhile. The serious and earnest face of his companion did not encourage small talk.

"This is the old Parish Church." They came upon a church standing in a vast churchyard covered with the grey and blackened monuments of the long forgotten and obscure dead. This oblivion when one reads the names seems to be the real pathos of their lives. "We will look in."

A venerable church: hither, in the bygone centuries, came the footsteps of the people when as yet the parish was large and the population scanty. Now, when the old parish is divided into a dozen new parishes, and the population multiplied a thousand-fold, the doors stand open and the bells ring in vain. The congregation could not fill one quarter of the church.

"Our people are not here," said Helen. "Church means to them the possession of a shop at least, and a shop is many degrees above them."

Not far from the church, the railway crosses the main road and runs through the streets of tenements. The arches are built up and used for warehousing and other purposes. Helen opened a door under one of these arches.

"The church comes to the people," she said, "since the people will not go to the church."

The arch had been fitted up as a chapel with benches, a communion table, a harmonium, and a reading desk. Service was going on and the place was filled with children. "Now, this is a really popular place of worship," said Helen. "You see, the congregation consists entirely of the children. They are sent here to be out of mischief. Then they come because they like it. Even if it isn't piety that sends them, they do come—which is a good thing for them."

"Is this part of the Settlement work?"

"No. We undertake no religious work. Some of our people, however, work for the parish."

In the next street was a new and handsome building. "This," said Helen, "is an Independent Chapel. Shall we look in?" The congregation was like that of the parish church, not very numerous, and respectably dressed. "These are not our people," she explained. "Nonconformity, like the Anglican Church, requires the level of the shop. It requires more—for it asks for judgment and reason and choice. These things are not found in our people."

They came into a broad thoroughfare, the pavement on one side—the sunny side—a boulevard thronged with people idly strolling along. Here and there were circles formed; in each an orator or a preacher, and every one a Son of Thunder; the circles melted away and formed again. No one showed any interest. Mostly the men stayed for a few moments as if to give every chap a chance, but finding it the old story they backed out and went on their way. None of the girls in the crowd took the least notice of the speakers.

"This is the Sunday oratory," said Helen. "I have often wondered what effect it has upon the people. The man bawling over there ridicules the Christian religion every Sunday morning: it is his pride and his passion: that other fellow is a red-hot

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radical, born either after or before his time, who would abolish the House of Lords—and so they go on. Are the people moved at all? I cannot tell."

"Perhaps," said Gerald, "hearing all the arguments on every side has the same effect upon them as, in other places, the reading of all the articles in all the magazines produces on the brain—turns it into pap."

They stopped at the circle of the political speaker. A pale man with long hair and the eyes of a fanatic was calling upon the people to stand together: to rally round: to unite as one man: to march in their millions.

"What has the House done to that fool?" asked Gerald.

"Nothing. But nobody pays any attention. If there were any real cry against the Lords, however, that man might be a most dangerous leader. As there is none, he cries aloud and no man regardeth him. It is the same thing with the atheist—no man regardeth him."

"The multitude, in fact, cares for nothing. As one might expect."

"They care for the things of the moment—the things that they see. They do not, as yet, understand how things external may affect them. They are still, however, as they always have been, liable to be carried away by a cry—by a panic. It is the ever-present danger of ignorance—which we would meet and remove, if we can."

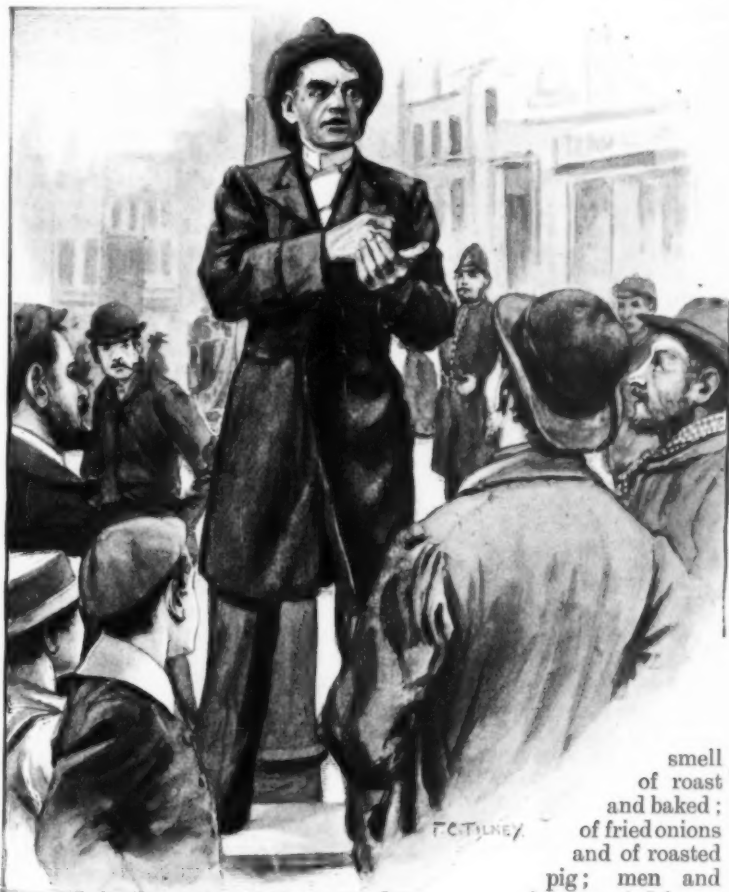
"If you can," Gerald echoed.

A little cloud of pain fell on Helen's

face—but it passed. This young man was at least frank in his doubts and his denials.

"The Sunday-morning crowd," she said, "illustrates the indifferent side of the people. Come with me again in the evening, and I will show you the other side: that of religious emotion, if not of religion."

They returned in silence to the Settlement. The streets were awake and alive: the public-houses were open, the dinner beer was on its way to the Sunday feast: there was a



"LET THEM UNITE AS ONE AND MARCH IN THEIR MILLIONS"

smell  
of roast  
and baked;  
of fried onions  
and of roasted  
pig; men and  
boys carried home  
steaming dishes  
from the baker's:

they bore them reverently as if they were burnt-offerings: the one hour in all the week of plenty, repletion, leisure and ease, was striking. Then the street became suddenly empty and deserted; not a child remained upon the kerb. It was the solemn hour of worship—the only worship of the

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people—the worship of the great god Gaster.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Gerald, sitting in the Library, heard a tramping of many boots outside. There was a meeting of mankind—perhaps a prayer meeting or a service, yet Helen said that they professed and taught no religion at all. Presently there was silence, and a single voice was heard. There was a preaching, then.

Gerald rose and repaired to the Hall. It was quite full: the people were nearly all men, decent men, a good deal above the average Docker: men who owned a Sunday suit of clothes. The preacher was one of the members: a young man with the great gift of lucid teaching: that gift which enables a man who has mastered his subject to present it so that his hearers may also see and understand the principal points. He was also a novelist; which means that he could lend his subject the colour and the light of imagination. He was lecturing on the growth and expansion of the British trade: a dry subject which he caused to throw out green leaves and blossoms, so that his audience listened as if carried away. And he talked as if he were at the Royal Institution—not at a Settlement among working folk.

Helen was sitting within the door. She beckoned him to a place beside her.

"These are the better sort," she whispered. "They are not the people of the tenements. They are men in regular work."

Presently the lecturer stopped.

"We don't lecture," Helen explained, "on the things that occupy our people's minds every day. And we don't preach up any virtues. We just carry them away altogether from their daily thoughts: away from the streets and beyond the poisonous breath of the public-house. Anything to break the iron chains of habit. Have you ever thought, Mr. Moorsom, how much of evil in the world is due to habit?"

The evening of Sunday is anything but a quiet time. The lads are out and so are the girls: loud is the laugh and ready is the retort: the women leaning about the corners of the street: the public-house has its brief hour of hospitality: the main thoroughfares are crowded with promenaders, mostly peaceful and orderly: the air is rank and acid with the smell of bad tobacco and coarse cigarettes.

As for Church and Chapel, they were

mostly better attended than in the morning: in one of them, where the lights were brilliant, where there were coloured robes, and where the acolytes swung the censuring pot; where a procession began and ended the service with a banner and lights and a brass cross and a noisy hymn, the church was filled.

"They are not our people," said Helen. "Neither church nor chapel; neither a service of simple prayers and praise, nor an emotional service with lights and incense and a ceaseless organ, attracts our people."

She took him into an immense barn-like structure. It was filled with people—galleries and the body of the chapel and the broad platform at the end. A preacher with a voice like a trumpet was exhorting and rebuking and calling upon the people to repent. Here, too, there were hymns of the popular kind. But there was no procession and no incense and no acolytes.

"It is a wonderful crowd, is it not?" said Helen. "Never doubt, Mr. Moorsom, that the people are profoundly religious. You may build upon that belief as upon a rock. You observe that they listen to these fiery exhortations without being apparently moved. That is perhaps because most of them are already converted or else are expectant of conversion. None of them are our people. We do not understand the language, and we do not feel the emotions of religion."

A little distance along the road, there was another great building. This was the Salvation Army Hall. They looked inside. The Army officers were scattered about the hall speaking earnestly to one after the other. The people seemed mostly casual and curious; some of them were scornful; some were touched. The missionary officers turned away with a sigh from a hopeless subject; or they caught a sympathetic hearer by the hand or the arm and murmured in his ear; or they led him, an unresisting victim, to a bench before the platform, where he sat down ready to be broken up. Meantime the singing of hymns went on with the accompaniment of cornets, led by voices strong and true. Between the hymns, a woman preached. Her voice, upon hearts moved already by the singing and the strange contagion of emotion, fell like quickening rain upon seeds about to burst. It was a penetrating voice, clear and strong, and musically sweet: now it sank down as if dissolved



with tears of pity and of prayer: now it rose higher and higher, jubilant with praise and joy: triumphant over death and evil. To those who stood near enough to see, there was added a face of the deepest earnestness and eyes which reminded Gerald of his companion's, so deep, so keen they were, so full of light and life, so charged with the magnetic power of love, which we also call by the colder name of sympathy.

The pleading moved Gerald not at all. He was quite out of harmony. Helen saw that it was impossible for the moment to move him. She drew him away.

At the door they were accosted by a Salvation lass—a little slip of a thing.

"Oh!" she cried, catching Helen's hand. "Oh! Are you saved?" She looked from Helen to her companion; they were not like the common run of the congregation. Perhaps they were worse. "Are you saved?" she repeated. "Oh! This very evening may be your last."

Helen laid her hands on the girl's shoulders. "My dear," she said, "I am saved—and so are you—if only you understood how much it means."

So she went out and Gerald with her.

"When you are a statesman, Mr. Moorsom," she said, "remember that the Salvation Army is a great company and a great fact. It is the only society which dares to live the life. Never deride them. Their people are doing with their refuges and their workshops and their colony the greatest work that has been attempted in our time. And I think—I hope—that they will endure, and not turn to crystal, like the Franciscan Friars their predecessors, because they ask no alms, and take no money, and live on the poorest wage that will support them."

"And the people in their hall?" Gerald avoided the question of the Salvation Army, because he had been accustomed to despise and to deride them.

"They are not our people. We have looked for our people, Mr. Moorsom, in church and chapel, and in the Assembly Room, and the Salvation Army Hall, and we have not found them."

"And you would have me learn from this fact . . . ?"

"I would have you learn that when we make religion a thing of personal choice, as we do in a country still Protestant, we may get down to levels where that choice is never made. The working man mostly

divides his life into work and play: there is no leisure in his life for thought. He is indifferent. If he is of an emotional temperament he may go to one of those great halls. Mostly, he is indifferent. Not hostile, like the continental *ouvrier*. Indifferent, but kindly disposed, with a vague sense that the clergy are over-paid."

"In spite of all that is done for him?"

"It is a survival. Below the better sort of workmen come our people. And they can think of nothing but the daily wants, the daily food. Religion to them means nothing."

"And you are imposing upon them some new form of faith?"

"No—we subject them to some of the influences which have shaped ourselves. We give the children something of our literature which is saturated with religion; we teach them our customs and our habits of thought—whether we admit the fact or not—they also are saturated with religion. We want religion as a civilising factor if for nothing more."

"It is a dream," said Gerald, "a beautiful dream. The people are what they are—and what they must be."

### CHAPTER IV—THE MORNING

ON Monday morning Gerald came down to breakfast about nine. The hall was empty, save for Helen, who sat alone over a notebook.

"You are late," she said; "we mostly breakfast at eight. By nine o'clock our people have gone off to their other work—we used to say to their 'own' work—but this is our own work now."

"Is not the evening work enough for your energies?"

He sat down and helped himself to breakfast. Helen continued with her notebook. They carried on the talk, with intervals filled up by attention to the notebook on her part, and the coffee and bacon on his.

"We are all pretty strong, and the evening work is only a part of what the Settlement undertakes."

"I have only learned some of that part, then."

"Your old friend might have told you what he does. Well, he has built and furnished what they call a doss house; that is a common lodging house, where he takes in all comers at fourpence a night. He looks after the men when they come in,

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most evenings, and he gets up every morning at six to see them before they go."

"Jem does this?"

"Certainly. Jem is one of the best fellows in the world. You ought to know that. You look surprised—why?"

"Oh! If Jem likes it—it was not formerly in his line. However——"

"Young men develop rapidly in a place like this."

"How long shall you go on working? I mean—when do you intend to go back to your own friends?"

"I do not know," Helen replied gravely.

"The end is not of our appointing. Besides, we are already among our own friends. We have many other workers. Among them, for example, is the People's Lawyer. He is a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who comes here every evening and advises our people for nothing. Then we have a Physician. He has his work all day in the Children's Hospital; in the evening he works here—for nothing."

"Yet there is the Parish Doctor. There is a Hospital, too, somewhere."

"Certainly. And the Sixpenny Doctor and the Dispensary. Yet there is room for our man as well."

"I daresay," Gerald replied with meaning.

"Then there is the local government work. I suppose you have never considered how much of this work presupposes leisure—or at least a class which can afford to give time for nothing. Where are the people here who can work for nothing? Some of us are members of the Vestry, on the Board of Guardians, School Board Visitors. One of our women does rent collecting; another manages the girls' club; another gets the elder women together for sewing and talk; another keeps a *crèche* for the babies while the mothers go to work; another has a class of boys who learn wood-carving—we have teachers and classes of all kinds."

Gerald interrupted. "A young fellow looked in last night made up like a sanctified acolyte. Have you got a church here?"

"Oh! you mean Robbie—and he was in his cassock. I suppose he came from a meeting of his Guild. Robbie calls himself a stalwart Catholic. You must not laugh at him, Mr. Moorsom. Indeed, you must not," she added earnestly.

"Certainly not, if you wish it."

"We call him Childe Robert. He is a

great believer in ritualism; he is a member of some Guild or other. He thinks that religion consists entirely of early services, confession, copes and albs, incense and genuflections. That is to say, he has so persuaded himself. In reality, he is filled through and through with the essentials of his religion. And he lives his real life, in spite of the ecclesiastical rubbish."

"But why does he try to look like an emaciated angel in an early Italian picture?"

"It is no affectation. He really thinks it the greatest act of faith to put on a cassock and to walk in a procession. He loves emotions; he would like to have ecstatic visions; very likely they will come to him.—To return to the work. We are Board School Visitors and Poor Law Guardians. We make friends among the women—they are sometimes dreadful to look at—but when you come to know them, they are so human—so human." Her eyes softened. "And there are the children——" She stopped.

"There is a cage at the Zoo," said Gerald, "where the creatures are so human that they make one ashamed." It was a cruel thing to say, but his heart was at the moment as hard as that of his deceased parent.

She closed her notebook and laid it on the table. Then she leaned her head in her hand and her elbow on the table, and looked steadily into the face of her visitor.

"It is strange," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"What is strange?"

"Your face means one thing—it is a generous face; so does your voice—it is sympathetic; your eyes have a kindly light in them; yet you talk—as you talk. Why are you so prejudiced?"

"Am I prejudiced?"

"It seems as if something had happened—to set you against your kind. The misanthrope is generally an older man. There is, I believe, with some young men, an affectation of cynical disbelief—but that goes with smaller and lower natures. You are a scholar. You could not assume that shallow pretence."

"I have told you my opinion," he replied coldly. "I am sorry it is not your own."

"Have you ever lived in the country, among village folk? Never? That helps to explain. Have you ever seen anything of factory people?"

"In one word, Miss Wentworth," he coloured and hesitated, "I have never been

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attracted to investigate personally what squalor and poverty mean. Why should I? There are Blue Books which give one all the information possible. Above all, there is the voice of history. In every country it proclaims aloud the fact that the multitude and the mob constantly threaten destruction to the civilisation of the few who have climbed above them."

She listened, still regarding him with curiosity and interest. "I have never before," she said, "heard a young Englishman talk in this manner. But you are an Australian. Jem said so, I remember."

"I am not an Australian." Why did he change colour? And why did his eyes betray a sudden irritation. "Family connections," he stopped. "That is all," he added abruptly.

"Since you have read books on social questions, how have you possibly contrived to keep yourself free from the feeling and the atmosphere of the day?"

"We are not all obliged to follow like sheep," he said, somewhat rudely.

"Certainly not. Only it is rare to come across a young man with such views as yours. A scholar like you; a man far above the common run—what does it mean?"

He made no reply. He was reminded uncomfortably that there were already differ-

ences between himself and his former friends.

"But you hope to become a statesman. It is well for you, surely, to know something of the people. You cannot make an image of clay and call that the people. Believe me, there are as many varieties down here as north and south of Piccadilly."

"Is it desirable to search for these differ-



SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE HEARD A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN TALK IN THIS WAY

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ences? There are also varieties of the common sheep's face."

"Mr. Moorsom." She took up her notebook and rose. He, too, stood up. They stood face to face—but his eyes dropped. "It is not natural. You are either acting a part or you are under some temporary influence. Something foreign to your better nature is within you and at war with you. There is trouble in your eyes—"

"We need not account for things." His voice betrayed the truth of the charge. "What I have said is very simple. You belong to the levels where life is at its very best. I think that you are led by a generous dream to throw away your advantages for nothing. What do you expect to get? The civilising of these people? They will be willing to accept all that you give; when you go away they will return to their old courses. They can only rise by means of a higher standard of comfort; when they get that, they will pull us down. You can do a little sum in arithmetic; five shillings a week added to the average wage of a working man would go far to destroy the rich man's income altogether."

"We will talk about these things again," she said, "when you have seen something. At present you are a theorist. Go out into these streets and realise, if you can, the destructive forces at work around you."

"I think that will be easy. And then I shall also realise the power of the policeman."

"Yes. Quite so. Then think what might happen if all these people—millions of them—were left altogether to themselves—with the police—with no friends, no examples of a better way, no possibilities. The Church cannot reach them; the Chapel cannot reach them. Think what they would become in a single generation, maddened with hatred and all evil passions, tugging and tearing at your social structure."

She broke off, with a kind of sob in her voice. It was like talking into a brick wall. He seemed not to understand. She turned away and left the room.

He looked after her long after she had closed the door. Her pleading on behalf of the lower labour fell quite flat; it appealed in no way to him in his mood. What did she mean, however, by saying that there was something wrong with him? How had he betrayed the trouble that was upon him day and night?

His position had become, in fact, one of self-defence. The acquisition of wealth, he

argued, must be, in the nature of things, possible only by certain methods. There were his father's methods: especially that part of his method which he himself called trampling. Further, the maintenance of wealth, he said—justifying himself and trying to satisfy that sense of honour to which he had been trained by his mother, by his school, by his reading—was for all alike a continuance of the method characterised as trampling. Rich men invest money in shares; they expect dividends; they ask for dividends as goodly as the grapes of Eshcol; dividends can only be produced by squeezing, sweating, overcharging and underpaying; in a word, by trampling. The rich can have no pity or they would lose their wealth; the poor must not be taught to desire what they cannot get, or they may make one universal combination, and then they will put an end to the present social system. This position was based, you observe, on the one fact that his father had made money by methods considered disgraceful; that he had inherited the history with the fortune; and that he was "troubled," as Helen had discovered.

Now, had he continued in comfortable ignorance of these facts, he would have formed no such reactionary opinions. Blessed, thrice blessed, is that young Dives who never learns the origin of his own pile—the ancestral pile. How would it be if the genealogist accompanied and illustrated his tables of descent with accounts of the basenesses and meannesses, the treacheries and the treasons, by which the family has been augmented and advanced? "The third Lord married Barbara, daughter of the notorious person known in his day as Creeping Jemmy, or Backstair James. His large fortune, acquired by selling places and offices which he could influence by means unknown to the world, was inherited by his only daughter, Barbara. Her estates, now built over, made her descendants rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

### CHAPTER V.—CHILDE ROBERT

GERALD left the hall and strolled about the common rooms. They were deserted. In the library, however, he found the young man they called Childe Robert. He was sitting in a wooden chair, a high-backed carved chair with something of an ecclesiastical air, although it was quite new, and the work of



## The Alabaster Box

the Settlement class of carving and cabinet work. The chair was placed in the square window, the occupant was reading, his head bent over his book.

It must be confessed that the affectation of saintliness, whether conveyed by the carriage, the voice, the face, the eyes, may be intolerably offensive. Gerald conceived a strong distrust of this young man on account of what seemed to him these external claims to saintliness. His hair was fair, and parted at the side, disclosing a high narrow forehead; his face was smooth and of an oval shape rapidly narrowing to the pointed chin, his thin lips were parted as he read; his eyes as he turned at the opening of the door were limpid and lustrous; his fingers were long and thin; his figure, rather over the middle height, was so thin as to seem fragile. He just looked round, raised his eyes for a moment when the door opened, dropped them again, and went on with his reading. To Gerald it seemed as if he was affecting absorption in his book. The sun, the yellow sun of October, fell upon that fair hair and turned it into a kind of glory. To Gerald this seemed as if he was posing consciously in the sunshine.

He walked across the room and stood over him.

"You live here, I believe?" he began, without any introduction or apology. He was angry with himself on account of the "trouble" which he could not conceal, and the pretensions which he could not abandon. This made it easier for him to be virtuously angry with the unfortunate Robbie for going about under false pretences. "You live here," he repeated, as if it was an accusation. "What is your profession?"

The boy looked up—he seemed no more, though he was twenty-one years of age—looked up, "tried his eyes," Gerald supposed: they were eyes strangely full of light—eyes that should belong to a poet, to a dreamer of dreams, to a seer of visions, to a prophet of things unspeakable by the multitude.

"I am permitted to live here. I have no profession."

"What do you do?"

"I work—partly for the parish."

"You are at work now, I suppose. Are you reading for anything—for Holy Orders?"

"No." He fidgeted under these questions: he answered briefly and turned to his book again.

"I am told, however, that you are much attached to Church affairs."

"Yes. But I am not educated at all. I know nothing except that I must obey the Rule or incur the Greater Peril."

"What rule?"

"The Rule of the Church and my fraternity."

"Do you pay for the privilege of living here?"

"No; I have no money. They very kindly allow me to live here—I was only a cashier in a City shop. But this work called me."

"Don't cant," said Gerald roughly. "How do you mean that the work called you?"

Robbie looked pained. "How can one be called?" he repeated. "There is but one way."

"You mean the natural dislike of drudgery. I can quite understand such a call as that. You thought it would be pleasant to go to church every day and to wear a cassock and be called Brother. I have heard of that sort."

The young man coloured. "Indeed," he said, "if that were all—but I was called. At first I came in the evening and offered my services for anything. Mr. Crozier gave me charge of his doss-house; then I found that I could no longer think of anything else; and so . . . so . . . they have all been kind to me. I was told to come and live here. In the morning I have an hour or two to myself when I can read." Gerald took from his hands the book in which he had been reading. It was that strange and wonderful book on the Imitation of Christ which has brought consolation to so many millions; which is so full of humanity that it continually offers new strength and a more certain faith to everyone, in every age, of every fold—to every man who calls himself Christian.

"You were a small clerk in a shop, your work was drudgery, you were under a taskmaster, you had long hours, your companions were, like yourself, of the same condition. Now you associate with ladies and gentlemen. Come!"

The boy smiled. "Yes, I associate with ladies and gentlemen."

"You have left your friends to do the disagreeable work and you have come here! It is promotion that you have obtained."

Robbie bent his head again over his book. "It is great promotion," he said softly.

## The Alabaster Box

Gerald left him, satisfied with his own solution. What had the fellow made by it? Escape from a stuffy shop, long hours, a hard master, and disagreeable work. The society—as if he belonged to them—of gentlefolk. In his brain he heard the words repeated. They meant a reproach. "With gentlefolk. As if he belonged to them." In this case the lad himself made no pretence of belonging to his new friends. Whereas—

Helen, you see, was right. There was trouble, which caused irritation and prejudice, and lent to everything false colours and distorted form.

"Why did I come to the confounded place?" he asked. "Why, above all, did I promise to stay a week here?"

I am sorry to say that when Gerald closed the door behind him Robbie got up, opened the casement window wide, and crossed himself solemnly three times, forehead, heart, right side, left side.

"I wish I could cense the room," he murmured. "I wish there was a Collect against the presence of evil spirits and men possessed by devils."

He sat down again. In a few minutes, although there was no incense, quiet returned to the library and his soul: the motes danced in the sun: and his heart and soul and mind were far away, and listening to harmonies unspeakable

### CHAPTER VI.—THE IMPENITENT

A DAY which begins with trouble, bad news, irritation, or vexation, is not likely to turn out a pleasant day. There are clouds which never lift throughout the hours of light. I like the omens of the morning to be pleasant: weather not hopeless; the general temper inclined to cheerfulness, yet not mirthful—mirth in the morning is out of place. I like letters without disquieting news. Above all things, I dislike the day which begins with any kind of row; for one thing follows another till the cup is full.

Gerald was most unlucky on this day. He began, as you have seen, with as near an approach to a row as Helen would permit. He went on to do a little sparring with the Acolyte; and he now turned into the street in as unpromising a mood as can be imagined for the exploration of a suburb which had nothing attractive to offer, but demanded instead any amount of sympathy and belief in human nature. How much

better, he reflected, if he could escape and have luncheon at the club! Who would not prefer Pall Mall and Piccadilly to the City of the Settlement?

Gerald walked slowly down the street. Well! what had he come out to see? Meanness and poverty. How could the details of meanness and poverty affect him?

At the first corner there was a public-house; no attempt had been made to put on an attractive front; it was low; the windows had not been cleaned for long years apparently; the paint was discoloured; the swinging doors were black with the touch of unwashed hands; the breath that came from the door was heavy with the sickening smells clinging to a house which was never open to the fresh air, and always newly charged with beer and coarse tobacco and gin and rum. As he passed, the door opened and a woman came out wiping her mouth with the back of her hand: a gross and corpulent woman, her face red and swollen with drink; her hair breaking loose; her dress ragged; her whole appearance speaking loudly of her life.

Gerald remembered Helen's words—this poor drunken creature, her womanhood drowned in beer, was certainly, as she said, "dreadful to look at, but if he knew how human she was!" How human! what humanity! He turned away in disgust; he left the main street and walked up one of the smaller streets branching off right and left, and he felt uncomfortable again because he was reminded of what he had said to the promoted clerk about associating with ladies and gentlemen. This was probably one of the ladies, his associates.

The street was like hundreds of its kind; it was monotonous; it was without the least touch of beauty of any kind, not even the beauty of decay, though some of the houses were closed, and their broken windows and the holes in the roof showed why. They decayed and fell to pieces without the least regard to the picturesque. The day was fine, the women were sitting on the doorsteps; the little children played about the gutter and the kerb, rolling over each other in the dust and dirt; no men were visible: as Gerald passed, two or three of the women moved off together, without any spoken agreement, in the direction of the public-house at the corner. Some of the children—which was a horrid thing to see—followed



## The Alabaster Box

them; he stood and watched; the women went in, they remained in the place for two or three minutes. When they came out one of them carried a pewter which she held to the mouths of the small creatures, who had followed and were waiting expectant outside the door.

"What is it?" he asked a woman on her doorstep. "What is she giving the children?"

"Porter. It's a good thing for them. Hardens their insides."

A lady came out of one of the houses. Gerald recognised her as one of the members of the Settlement; he forgot her name. She had a notebook in her hand, her face was practical and full of affairs. It was the woman of the hard look and the downright expression: the person called Janet. She recognised Gerald and nodded briskly.

"I saw you last night?" she asked. "You are come to see the place and the work. There's a good bit of humanity about us—if you care to look into the windows."

"What are you doing here, if I may ask?"

"I am a rent collector."

She turned into the next house. He heard her voice, sharp, clear, and decisive. He lingered, listening and watching. Yes, she was "speaking up." A sense of incongruity fell upon him. What had the Settlement to do with a thing so very practical as rent collecting? He still pictured to himself a Settlement consisting of groups of amiable people offering tea and cakes and a little music, and giving doles. He listened therefore—the collector was scolding—simply scolding somebody, in good, round, unmistakable terms.

She came out, a little flushed with an encounter in which she had failed to make the impression she desired.

"Here, Mr. Moorsom," she said, "you want to see something of our folk. You may pay a morning call. There's a ground floor front—I have just left him after the usual row—you might try your hand in here."

"Am I to convert him? He drinks, of course. Am I to convince him as regards the pledge? Has he any other little vices?"

"You will find out for yourself. And you will do just what you please with him. Perhaps you might figure out for yourself the kind of place this would be if a creature like that was let loose, with no one to

watch him. But go and see him. Mind, I don't say that he is an average specimen."

She left him, marching along the pavement with an official air as if she was some kind of policeman, as indeed she was. Such an office as hers is a kind of Police of the Interior. The people fell back, making way for her, mostly offering such a greeting as might be tendered by a school boy to his head-master in the old caning days.

Suddenly she remembered something, and turned back.

"You want to see all you can, don't you? Very well, when you've had enough of that . . . that wretch, who pollutes the air by his very existence——"

Gerald gathered that in the recent scrimmage there had been swear words used.

"You may go on to the next house but one—number five, first floor front—don't mind the woman on the ground floor back. If she sees you she will beg of you. Don't give her anything; let her curse you; she makes good money when she likes, and she drinks it all."

"Yes—but I don't quite understand."

"Next house but one on the same side; first floor front; there is a second floor, but the roof's falling in. Go up and see for yourself."

Gerald hesitated. He felt no interest in any case. Still he had, in a way, promised to see things for himself.

He entered the house. Its front door stood open day and night—was it still on its hinges? He knocked gently at the front door. There was no reply. He opened it and looked in.

There was a bed lying in one corner; a kettle stood on the hob; there was no fire, but the weather was still mild; a table stood under the window; there were pens and ink and paper; at the table sat a man writing.

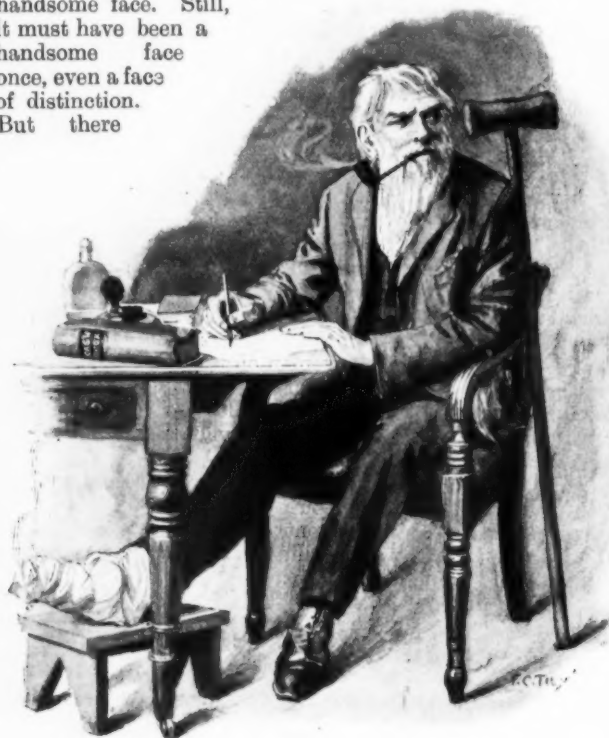
He turned round when Gerald appeared; looked at him rudely for a few moments, then, in a voice not unpleasant, a soft and musical voice, and with an accent quite unlike that of the street, he said:

"I believe that you were not invited to enter. Pray, how long has it been the custom for one gentleman to intrude upon another gentleman's privacy?"

He was a man of fifty-five or thereabouts; he sat in an armchair; his right foot was supported by a stool; a crutch stood against the chair; he was a cripple with rheumatism. His long hair was white;

## The Alabaster Box

his beard was white ; yet neither beard nor hair was venerable, nor did their colour make him look old ; there was a certain youthfulness about his face ; as for the features, they were marked and prominent : it should have been a handsome face. Still, it must have been a handsome face once, even a face of distinction. But there



AN INTERRUPTION

was stamped upon it the brand—it is unmistakable—of a bad life—a course of self-indulgence and of vice. No one can describe this stamp ; painters cannot depict it, save by chance ; poets cannot convey the appearance of it ; no man can say where it lies, or of what it consists ; it is not wholly in the eyes, but partly you may see it there—this man's eyes were shifty, and they never looked another man in the face ; nor wholly in the forehead, though it is partly there ; nor wholly on the lips, yet it is partly there. A man can bring it upon his own face by living the life which it commemorates and proves ; there is no other way. Gerald did not read the face in this way, because he took no thought of what the man was, or had been ; only the first sight of this man caused him

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—he knew not why—to shudder. It was the stamp that he saw and felt—but understood not.

"I was invited by the rent collector to call. I've got nothing whatever to say. I

apologise, however, for my apparent intrusion."

"Young gentleman, the fact of living in a squalid place like this does not debar one from the amenities of life." He spoke as if he enjoyed the sound of his own voice. "Still, as you have apologised ; and as you take apparently some interest in my unfortunate position—you see that I am crippled from the effects of rheumatic gout—"

Gerald made haste to interrupt him. "Pray don't think that I take the slightest interest in you, or that I am going to give you anything."

The man turned round and began to swear at him. His command of the lower and more disgraceful verbs, adjectives, and nouns in our language was simply unparalleled. Gerald received the whole with a critical smile.

"Have you done?"

he said, at last. "Very

good. You are a credit to the quarter. I think I have never heard the wealth of our tongue more fully illustrated. Have you anything more to say? or shall I go?"

"You're one of the Settlement fellows, I suppose." The man laughed quite pleasantly. "They all come and try their hand upon me. Jem Crozier—"

"Mr. Crozier, you mean."

"Jem, I mean. He comes now and again for a chat. There's a sweet little cherub comes too, and invites me to Mass—he's a rank Romanist—and to Confession. There is a nice little girl too, she comes sometimes. Ah!" he sighed. "I tell her stories ; I like confessing to her ; she sighs ; she weeps ; tears are very becoming with some girls—don't you think so?"

## The Alabaster Box

"She shall never come here again, if I can prevent."

"Oh! yes, she will. They all like to get hold of a real, downright wicked man."

"What?"

"A real wicked man. A Rogue. Ask them. They all know the Rogue. There is no need to pretend—why should I pretend? I'm a Rogue." He paused, for the words to produce their full flavour. "Well—what do you think of me?" he added.

"I am not going to think about you at all. If I catch you in any roguery I shall run you in."

"Well spoken. If I can do you out of anything, I will. Would you like to know what I am doing?"

"No. I have no wish to know what you are doing."

The man turned over his papers ostentatiously. "There is an important job. Such a job as could not be entrusted to a butcher; a job of great delicacy. You see, there's an old friend of mine—we've worked together. He's a fence, and keeps a shop in Clerkenwell. They're going to take over his house to make a school, or something. So I am going to write up his books all over again, so as to make out his business worth five times as much as it really is. See? Jobs like these don't come often. In a regular way I'm a begging-letter writer with an address——"

"Shut up," said Gerald. "Of course you are a most villainous person. You are also a great liar. If you really could do all these things you wouldn't be living in this hole. You're only a poor clumsy rogue. You and your *blague!*" He turned to go.

"I say," the man laughed, "don't be in a hurry. You're like Jem Crozier. He blazes away like mad. I don't mind. I was a gentleman once, myself."

"*Blague!* A gentleman's servant, perhaps!"

"No—on my honour. I haven't got any, but if I had . . . on my honour I was a gentleman."

"How did you get ruined then?"

"Sixty per cent. Cent. per cent. Two hundred per cent. That's the way."

Gerald knew that way only too well. He did not press the question.

"Have you no friends?"

"If a man lives as I have lived for the past thirty years of his life, for the rest of his life his people pass by on the other side. If you don't believe me, try."

"It's no concern of mine." Gerald had been standing by the door. He opened it.

"Well—but come again—I'm always at home."

"Perhaps I will. Perhaps not. I don't take the least interest in you. Meantime, you can invent more lies, Mr. Gentleman Rogue—good solid substantial lies."



# Bronzes<sup>1</sup>

BY ERNEST M. JESSOP



BUST AT WINDSOR

**B**RONZE, according to the analysis of some of the earliest known specimens, was originally made by melting together ninety parts of copper to ten of tin, but as this beautiful material was known and used long before the world possessed any written records it is only natural to discover that various experiments have been made from time to time by the introduction of other metals in the alloy, to

cheapen its production, to vary its colour, to improve its hardness, or to render it more ductile. Pliny, when he mentions the inferior quality of the Roman bronze of his time, says that the metal used for statues was composed of old and new copper. To every hundred parts by weight of this was added six and a quarter of lead and the same of tin, and the whole melted together. The same writer speaking of the famous Corinthian bronze of his time specifies three well-known kinds. The white, he says, derived its colour from the quantity of silver in its composition; and the golden from the admixture of that precious metal (?). He also speaks of the *aes nigrum* and others. But with all due deference to the ancient writer, he may well

(not being an expert) have been deceived by the bronze founders who wished to keep their processes secret, and who probably depended for their colouring on a "pickling" process such as has been used by workers in bronze for hundreds of years past and is now perhaps at its highest development in the Parisian ateliers.

Of course one can tell by the varying colour of the internal portion of bronzes of various ages that the composition must have been greatly altered from time to time, and throughout history we find hints as to its manufacture. For instance, Theophilus, writing in the eleventh century, tells us how to vary the alloy if the article when made is to be gilded.

One of the greatest of the workers in bronze, Cellini, has described in inimitable fashion his method of alloying the metal when it would not work properly. He is casting the great statue of Perseus for Duke Cosimo de Medici, and, overcome by his exertions and a sudden fever, is resting on his bed when a workman rushes into his room crying out that the statue is spoiled. Reanimated by this intelligence, Cellini jumped from the bed and ran to resume the direction of affairs. "But (says he) I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and everyone could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mould was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: 'O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!' . . . even thus in a moment my mould was filled; and seeing my work was finished, I fell upon my knees and with all my heart gave thanks to God."

<sup>1</sup> Illustrated by special photographs from specimens in the collection of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

## Bronzes

For the better understanding of this extract from Cellini's Autobiography I give a short description of the usual method of casting

to the rough shape of the article to be cast, and is usually composed of modelling clay mixed with plaster of Paris and crushed



PROMETHEUS AND THE EAGLE

bronze statues. For the sake of economy bronzes are not made solid, but are cast over a central core. This core is modelled

bricks. Upon the core, which in the case of large statues is strengthened by an inner skeleton of iron rods, modelling wax of the



## Bronzes



CANDELABRUM—THE SEASONS

necessary thickness is overlaid. Upon this wax the sculptor models his statue, leaving the work complete and ready to be cast in bronze.

Outside this waxen statue the mould has now to be formed. The material for this is usually made from dried clay, plaster of Paris, and pounded crucibles (fire-clay), ground together with water to the consistency of a thick cream. Layer upon layer this mixture is gradually and very carefully placed upon the wax model, and when sufficient thickness has been attained the whole is strengthened by a stout coating of coarser material. After slowly drying, the whole mass is firmly fixed in an oven, the core and mould having to be kept in their relative places by means of bronze rods which pierce the core and reach to the outside of the mould. When the oven is heated the wax runs clear away from pre-

viously prepared apertures, and after the mould has cooled, its place is taken by the liquid metal which is steadily run in from the furnace.

When the statue is cold, the mould is broken away, the core removed, the connecting rods cut short off, and any roughness properly filed down. As a finish in most small modern bronzes comes the chemical "pickle" by means of which almost any desired tint can be obtained.

Before this method of casting in bronze was discovered, statues were made of hammered plates riveted together; after this a way of soldering the plates together was invented, and then came the earliest castings, which were solid. The art of making bronze figures is of the highest antiquity. There is still in existence an Egyptian figure with an inscription dated 2000 years before Christ. Turning to the Scriptures, we find Tubal Cain mentioned as a teacher of artificers in working brass (bronze?) and iron. But it is to the magnificent days of ancient Greece one must look for the grandest development of the art. It is on record that in the year 130 B.C. there were at Athens no less than three thousand bronze statues, and as many more at Rhodes and Olympia. Of these there are still many fine specimens in existence,

notably the horses at Venice, the Hercules at the Vatican, the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and sundry others of life-size.

"In the centre of the court (of the Capitol at Rome) stands that incomparable horse bearing the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as big as the life, of Corinthian metal, placed on a pedestal of marble, esteemed one of the noblest pieces of work now extant, antique and very rare."—"Evelyn's Diary," 1644.

Smaller specimens may be found in most museums, notable among them being the relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum which are now shown at Naples. A superb example of the bronze-work of the Greeks is to be seen in the British Museum in the shape of the fittings of a cuirass. On these are depicted in very high relief two groups, the subjects in each case being a combat between a Greek warrior and an Amazon.



The relief is so prominent that some parts of the work almost appear to be detached from the ground. From an artistic point of view nothing could be more beautiful than the execution of these fragments. They were found in 1820 in Southern Italy, and some years later were purchased for the Museum at the cost of £1,000. No collection of bronzes, with the exception perhaps of Italy, surpasses that of the British Museum, where the art is practically represented from the earliest period to comparatively modern times. The Victoria and Albert Museum of South Kensington also possesses a fine collection, and has at various times shown some Chinese and Japanese specimens which in their peculiar styles are practically inimitable. With the advent of the Christian religion, sculpture lost many of its grandest subjects in the shape of the Greek myths, and therefore to a certain extent the art of the worker in bronze declined. The earlier figures representative of Christ, from the want of an authentic model, merely depict a young man in shepherd's dress bearing a lamb on his shoulders, and carrying a staff in his hand. The most important bronze statue of early Christian make, which is still to be seen at Rome, is the seated statue of St. Peter, a work which was commissioned by Pope Leo I about the year 450. It to a certain extent follows the Greek traditions in art, and is not wanting in dignity, while it is

remarkable for its finish and technique. Evelyn says in 1644:

"Towards the left as you goe out of the Church by the portico, a little beneath the high altar is an old brasse statue of St. Peter sitting, under the soles of whose feete many devout persons rub their heads and touch their chaplets. This was formerly cast from a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus."

The bronze doors of St. Mark's at Venice are of Greek workmanship. Many other doors and gates of Italian churches were cast by Greek artists in Constantinople, and afterwards removed to their present positions. In Ireland, and in fact all over western Europe, many beautiful works for ecclesiastical purposes were made during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; of these some notable specimens of croziers or bishops' staves are still in existence.

The great works of the Italian masters of the middle ages are renowned. Of these one may note Andrea Pisano, who in 1330 modelled the magnificent gates for the baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence, which took nine years to completely finish in bronze. The designs have been attributed by many writers to Giotto, who was a friend of Andrea, but there is really no reason to doubt that both design and superintendence of manufacture are due to Pisano alone. Amongst the crowd of great Italian artists whose names one could cite did space permit, one stands out prominent,



GROUP AND MOUNTS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE CABINET IN GILT BRONZE BY GOUTHIERE

## Bronzes

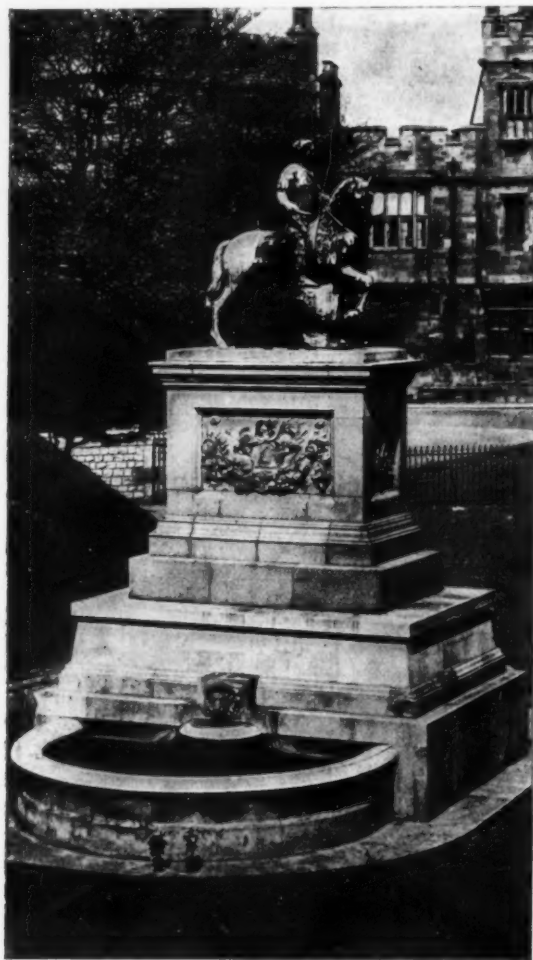
if only for one work which he left to posterity. This is Lorenzo Ghiberti, who designed that set of doors for the church of St. John which Michael Angelo deemed worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Concerning these gates or doors, of which South Kensington owns a fine electro deposit reproduction, one notes that the design was the outcome of a competition between several of the chief Italian sculptors. The subject for competition was to represent Abraham's sacrifice. After the first trials the only two left in the competition were Ghiberti and the equally celebrated architect and sculptor, Brunel-

leschi. The latter artist, after an inspection of his rival's work, at once decided for himself that it was better than his own, and with true nobleness of heart withdrew from the contest. Ghiberti's doors were finished and erected in their place in 1424, after twenty-one years' work of their designer, aided by twenty assistants.

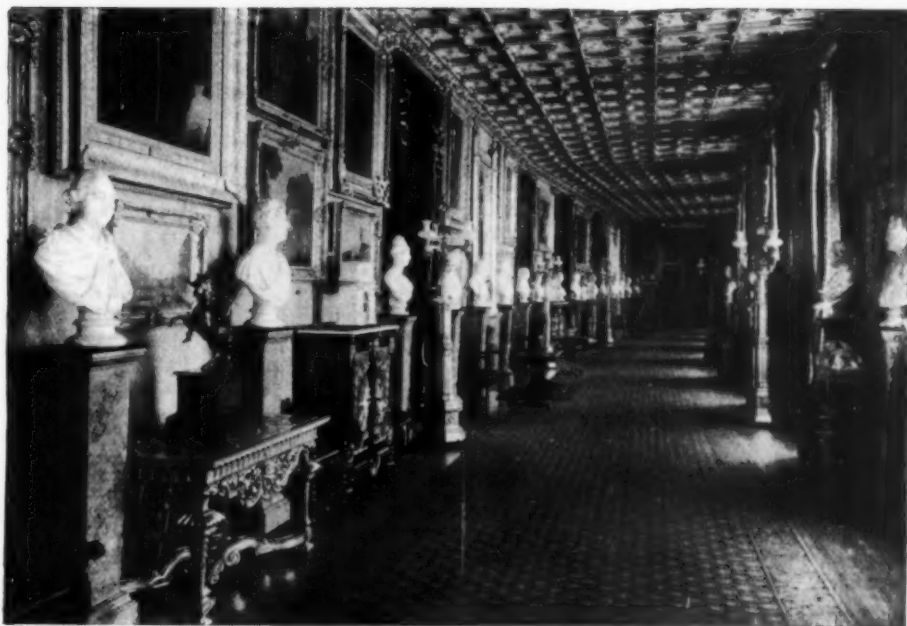
Of the other great sculptors in bronze of the fifteenth century one has only space to mention a few names such as Donatello, whose works in bronze are still to be seen at Florence; Simone, a Florentine who made the bronze doors of St. Peter's at Rome; Luca della Robbia, best known for his beautiful work in glazed terracotta, but who was also an expert in bronze, as witness of which we have his splendid doors leading into the sacristy of the Duomo at Florence.

Verrocchio, goldsmith and painter, was also a fine sculptor in bronze. His best known works are perhaps the David in the Borgello at Florence, and his model of the horse for the grand equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Coleoni, which statue, one of the finest in the world, was finished by Alessandro Leopardi after Verrocchio's death. Another prolific artist of the same period was Pollainolo, who designed the tombs of Sixtus IV and Innocent VIII at Rome. Torregiano, a fellow pupil at the expense of Lorenzo de' Medici with Michael Angelo, earned an unenviable notoriety by breaking the nose of his fellow student, thereby disfiguring the great artist for life. This wanton act so angered Lorenzo de' Medici, that Torregiano had to leave Florence. After sundry vicissitudes he found his way to England and entered the service of Henry VII. He it was who designed the bronze monument to that monarch in Westminster Abbey, for his work on which he received £1,500. The monument to the Countess of Richmond, likewise in the Abbey, is also ascribed to this artist.

By the great Michael Angelo himself no works in bronze remain. Evelyn, who was a noted art patron, describing Florence in 1645, says:



STATUE OF CHARLES II BY JOSIAH ISACH STRADO, WITH  
PEDESTAL BY GRINLING GIBBONS, IN THE QUADRANGLE  
AT WINDSOR



IN THE GRAND CORRIDOR, WINDSOR CASTLE

"In a Chapell is the tomb of Pietro di Medici and his brother John, of coper, excellently designed, standing on 2 lions feete which end in foliage, the work of M. Angelo."

His chief piece was the unlucky colossal statute of Julius II made for Bologna in 1508, but shortly afterwards destroyed in a riot by the populace. The great sculptor states :

"I was obliged to cast it twice . . . as half the metal did not melt, the figure was only completed to the waist, wherefore I was obliged before recasting it to pull the furnace to pieces. . . . But enough ! Having with great trouble at last set the statue up in its place, I found that my two years labour had profited me four ducats and a half."

Of the sixteenth-century Italians, one ought to notice Giovanni di Bologna, who in 1566 completed a grand bronze fountain, surmounted by a figure of Neptune nine feet in height, for his native town. At the end of the sixteenth century arose Bernini, architect and sculptor, who was practically the founder of the "style Louis Quatorze," which with its various developments has since dominated the art wares of Europe. He was born in 1598, and lived for eighty-two years.

Of early German work in bronze I have

no space to speak, but certainly mention must be made of the great Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, who so long as art endures will be remembered for his magnificent gothic shrine of S. Sebaldus in his native town. A cast of this beautiful work, which was completed in 1519, is to be seen in the museum at South Kensington.

One of the grandest bronze monuments that the world has ever seen is that to the Emperor Maximilian, in the Palace Church at Innsbruck. The kneeling figure of the emperor praying, which surmounts it, is believed to be by Lodovico Scalza of Milan. The equestrian statue of the Elector Frederick III which is on the bridge at Berlin was modelled by Andreas Schluter and cast by Jakobi. It was erected in 1703. In Berlin also is the fine statue of Frederick the Great by Rauch. Of modern German sculptors in bronze the works of Wolff, Schwanthaler, and Kiss are well known.

Turning to the more modern bronze-workers of France, who were largely influenced by the great artists of the Italian renaissance, one must note that we owe almost our only good statue in London, that of Charles I at Charing Cross, to H. Le Sueur, a Huguenot refugee. In the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, under royal patronage,

## Bronzes

were produced some marvellously beautiful works in the shape of clockcases, furniture mounts, candelabra, etc., as well as statues of all descriptions. Of these there are no finer specimens extant than those in the royal collection at Windsor, and also the Wallace collection shortly to be opened to the public. Of the makers of these one may mention André Boulle, whose name will always be known in connection with furniture (although he was a sculptor by profession), his pupil Philippe Caffieri, Martin-court, and, greatest of all, the latter's pupil Gouthière, whose gilt bronze work, very often used in connection with furniture by David Roentgen and Riesener, has never, and in all probability never will, be equalled for delicate beauty and perfection of workmanship. He also sometimes worked in connection with Clodion the sculptor. His work is but rarely signed, but is of so exquisite a quality that it is easily recognised. Other great French names are Jaques, Pradier, and the brothers Keller. These latter it was who were first employed by Louis XIV to manufacture the masterpieces for Versailles and the Tuileries, which are still to be seen in the Parisian museums.

In the Queen's collection at Windsor is a fine bas-relief by Adrian Fries. The subject is Rudolph II on horseback surrounded by figures of philosophy, etc. Also in the royal collection mention must be made of a spirited group, Achilles carrying off Briseis, signed with the monogram F. A., probably Franz Aspruck of Brussels, and made about 1600. Of old English bronze work we still possess some fine specimens. In Westminster Abbey there is the beautiful monument to Queen Eleanor (died 1291). The queen's effigy is of gilt bronze most admirably executed by Master William Torell, goldsmith and citizen of London. For this he was paid fifty marks in 1291. Next to Queen Eleanor's tomb is that of Henry III (died 1272), also with a gilded bronze figure by Torell. In Canterbury Cathedral is the tomb of the Black Prince, who died in 1376. The sculptor of the fine gilt bronze and enamelled figure is unknown. Then we have at Westminster Richard II and his Queen, with their effigies cast by Nicholas Broker and Geoffrey Prest, coppersmiths of London; "images, likenesses of the king and queen, of copper and laton gilded," as the old chronicle has it. In the reigns of Henry VIII and his immediate successors much good work in bronze was done in England under the teaching of Holbein.

The sculptors seem mainly to have been of Flemish and Florentine origin.

The bronze statue of James II in Whitehall Yard, erected in 1685, was by Grinling Gibbons, the great wood-carver, who also designed the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Charles II in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle. The statue itself is by Josiah Ibach Strado. There is one interesting note in 'Evelyn's Diary' on this work:

"There was erected in the Court the King on horseback, lately cast in copper, and set on a rich pedestal of white marble, the worke of Mr. Gibbons, at the expense of Toby Rustate, a page of the back staires, who by his wonderful frugality had ariv'd to a greate estate in mony, and did many works of charity, as well as this of gratitude to his Master, which cost him £1000. He is a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature."

The bronze figure of Henry VI at Eton College is by Francis Bird, who worked with Wren at St. Paul's. Evelyn also notices on a visit to Hampton Court, "In the garden is a rich and noble fountaine, with syrens, statues, etc., cast in copper by Fanelli."

Of Georgian bronzes London still contains many specimens. The group at Somerset House was modelled by John Bacon, R.A., and the equestrian statue of William III in St. James's Square by his son, also John Bacon. The figure of Lord George Bentinck in Cavendish Square is the work of Thomas Campbell. Of modern statues in bronze this is scarcely the place to speak, save for a suggestion to our County Council that most of the horrors which add hideousness to the London streets might well be melted down and sold for old metal, and the proceeds applied to the art education of the masses.

Her Majesty the Queen has always been a liberal patron of the art of the sculptor in bronze. Among her antique art treasures, in addition to those already mentioned, one must particularly notice the grand piece, "Prometheus and the Eagle," the modelling of which is simply superb; also in the Grand Corridor, "A Boy with Bird Cage" and "A Girl with Bird and Fruit," both of these latter being signed "Pigalle, 1733." The set of four candelabra in bronze and ormolu representing "The Seasons," which now stand in the Green Drawing-Room at Windsor, are Louis Quinze work of the very highest quality. But as one wanders through the beautiful rooms it is difficult, where all is so good, to notice individual pieces. In the "Private Apartments," on

the Queen's tables, piano, cabinets, wherever room can be found, are busts and statuettes of her Majesty in her youth, the Prince Consort, the Royal Family at all ages, her friends, retainers, favourite piper, animals, etc. All have their place in imperishable bronze or silver, their features reproduced by the leading sculptors of the age. In conclusion one must notice a beautiful instance of the Queen's affection for her dogs. The tombs of the old favourites lie dotted about her estates, covered with small granite pedestals, on which are posed, as in life, the bronze semblance of the lost friend. Here is a sketch of the final resting-place in the grounds of the mausoleum at Frogmore of



BOY,

*Died February 20, 1862,*

AGED FIVE YEARS.

*The favourite and faithful dog of the Queen and Prince Consort.*

## The Opposite House

BY MARY KERNAHAN



"Oh, nearest, furthest, can there be  
At length some hard-earned heart-won home,  
Where—exile changed for sanctuary—  
Our lot may fill indeed its sum,  
And you may wait and I may come?"

### CHAPTER I

THE fire glimmered redly at one end of the room. At the other a window looked out upon the street. Audrey closed her book and crossed over to it.

It was the wintry twilight of a late November afternoon. Passers-by hurried on as if the air were full of the raw and bitter feeling foreboding snow. Something in the aspect of the long, commonplace street, with its high, dreary-looking houses, touched the onlooker's heart coldly with a sudden sense of melancholy and wistfulness. By-and-by curtains would be drawn, lights would glow behind them, the formal windows would shine out with looks of home and welcome. But now, darkening slowly

in the winter dusk, there was an inexpressible air of dreariness about them to Audrey's eyes; she shivered a little, as if she were cold.

She was not young; though she looked about forty-five, by reason of a sweet tranquillity natural to her, which had served to preserve her fair complexion and keep grey threads out of her beautiful, abundant hair, she was at least five years older. But young



## The Opposite House

girls rarely spoke of her as "an old maid." She was a beautiful woman, even now.

A band was playing a melancholy tune somewhere in the distance. A bright-eyed little woman emerged from the pleasant range of firelight and came over to the window to listen to it.

"Have you finished your book yet?" she asked. "What a dismal afternoon! I hope the children will wrap up well when they come home from their party."

"Yes, it's very cold. No, I don't like the book, dear, though it was kind of you to get it, and to make my visit pleasant in every way. But I don't—I can't—like the 'new woman.'"

"I never thought you would," Mrs. Henneker rejoined, a little amusement on her lips; "but it is as well to read what everyone is talking about."

"It's a long time since I was young, since you and I were schoolgirls together, Nell, and wondered what the future held for us. I've been an onlooker all my life, and I daresay that makes me old-fashioned. But it seems to me this new order of girl does simply everything she chooses. I believe," she added, the colour mantling her still delicate cheek with a pink bloom like a girl's, "she would think nothing of proposing to a man if he happened to be her particular fancy."

"Oh, my dear! I'm sure she wouldn't! That would be a very small thing to the new woman. I fancy, myself, she would consider herself capable of a good deal more than that."

"I think the world has changed very much. It's an old maid's speech, but I believe it's true. How sad those German waltzes are! Look at that tall, thin man closing the gate of the opposite house after him. I heard some one coughing a great deal a few minutes ago, when I was thinking about something; I wonder if it was he."

"Oh! that's the Colonel. His bronchitis must be better," Mrs. Henneker said with interest, bending forward. "But he ought not to go out of doors such an afternoon as this."

"The Colonel!" Audrey repeated. She looked after the thin, soldierly figure in the shabby overcoat—shabby even in the fading light—with a quick touch of interest as great as her friend's. "I like soldiers, Nell. This one looks very poor. Tell me anything you know about him; I can sympathise with poverty."

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"We know him quite well; he comes here sometimes; the children love him. Jack heard all about him from Major Poyner, and we scraped acquaintance in consequence, because I was dying to ask him in. But he's fearfully poor," Mrs. Henneker added, with a commiserating look.

"Why is he so poor? Hasn't he his pension?" the other voice asked kindly.

"Do you really care to hear about it? Major Poyner said he was generous enough, and foolish enough—I hope Jack will never do such a thing—to make himself responsible for his brother-in-law; and it has crippled him for years—more years than I can remember. His only sister made a poor marriage, the Major told me; the husband got fearfully into debt, and when she fell ill of consumption it was her brother who had to find her everything. But she's dead now, poor thing! And I think the brother-in-law died a few months ago. The Colonel has been paying his debts for years, bit by bit. Major Poyner said he had left off going anywhere because his clothes were so shabby; and the world he used to know has forgotten him. That's all, Audrey."

"All! It's a most pathetic all. And you think so too, I know, and try to be kind to him. Oh, Nell, it's very good of you; I wish I could help you; I know what poverty means, and all the grind of it—and the humiliation—so well."

"I can't help him, dear. He's far too proud. I think he's one of the proudest men I ever knew in my life—and the nicest."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" Audrey said, turning a little aside that she might cover her eyes with her hand a moment. Her friend glanced at her, with a growing pity at her kind heart.

"I've sometimes thought, Audrey—I've seen you so little, you know, as you were always teaching or doing something of the kind," she said softly, under cover of the gathering darkness—"that you have some story in your life, dear. I think I am the oldest friend you have, but you have never told me."

"I don't mind doing so. It's such a commonplace one, Nell; just something that began and never finished, like thousands of others. I've scarcely anything to tell," she went on, with something like a sob.

Mrs. Henneker did not speak. A tender



## The Opposite House

tact kept her silent. She put out her hand gently, and touched one of Audrey's.

"You and I, Nell—two middle-aged women—talking about love stories like a couple of girls; you, with your youngest children going to Brussels in a month or two, and I an old, old maid, over fifty now, though my hair won't turn grey. I was

liked soldiers so. He was ordered abroad, and she made us promise not to correspond. He said he would do it to please her, but it would never make the least difference; he knew we should always be true to one another. Then she died, and Lucy went away to an aunt; and everything happened together. You know part of it, dear: how



"I WAS ONLY TWENTY WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED"

only twenty when it all happened; after I had left school and gone home.

"Dick's mother was a widow; she had only Lucy and himself. She was so proud of Dick, so anxious he should make a wealthy marriage, so angry when she knew we loved each other. She said he was too young to know his own mind, and that he would soon forget me when he went abroad. Yes, he was in the army; you've guessed that, Nell, because I have always

the dear old father made rash speculations, how he died of heart disease with the worry of it. And I had to get a situation as governess wherever I could."

"Yes, Audrey, dear. And you found life very hard, I know; you were too pretty to be poor. And next?" Mrs. Henneker said interrogatively.

"There is no next. That's all, as you said just now about 'the Colonel.' We lost sight of each other for life. Dick may

## The Opposite House

be married, he may be dead. I told you it was a commonplace little story. And now I'm an old woman, Nell."

"Not old, and very pretty still, dear," the kind voice answered out of the twilight. "And you have never cared for anyone else?"

"Oh, Nell, Nell!" she cried, putting down her head for one moment on her folded arms, "how could I?"

Mrs. Henneker said nothing. It seemed to her that Audrey, with her looks, must have had opportunities of marriage again and again. But after that "How could I?" her gentle worldly wisdom seemed to falter, so far as speech was concerned, at any rate. So she made no rejoinder. Instead of doing so she slipped one hand into Audrey's kindly, with a pressure that conveyed nothing but sympathy. It was all a little puzzling to her practical mind; Audrey had always been a little puzzling.

They looked out once more, both of them, at the gathering darkness. If Mrs. Henneker thought the firelight at the other end of the room more conducive to cheerfulness she did not say so.

"There's the Colonel coming back. I wonder what he went for? Poor man!" she said, rather glad to break the silence.

"Poor man!" Audrey echoed, with a little forlorn, fluttering sigh.

She began to look at him intently. Something in his walk, his carriage, the thin face, with its white moustache, turned towards them for a moment, seemed to arrest her attention. She strained her eyes to pierce the gathering dusk, then gave another sigh at her own folly.

"What is your friend's name, Nell?" she asked, turning from the window. "The Colonel, I mean."

"Didn't I tell you his name, dear?" Mrs. Henneker rejoined, having made up her mind to go back to the fire and poke it. "I thought I told you his name was Furnivall. Why, what is the matter, dear?"

"And his Christian name?" the other said, in a strange, scarcely audible voice, holding her friend's hand so tightly that she winced.

"Oh, Richard!" Mrs. Henneker cried, with a sudden comprehension. "And he does come from Warwickshire!"

The fire leaped and then went down. One of them could hear the other's quick breathing in the semi-darkness.

"Nell," a voice said, "you wanted a

governess for a couple of months for the girls, till they go to Brussels. You wanted some one younger than I, I know, with more accomplishments; but will you take me, Nell, for the old friendship's sake?"

### CHAPTER II

IT was getting a little dark in the schoolroom. Bessie had put her book down, and declared that she was tired, and Ella had said, yawning, that one could not work in winter. They both took considerable advantage of "mother's friend," who, having been a governess so long, ought perhaps to have known how to keep them in order.

"I don't see what good ancient history will ever be to me," Ella said decisively. "If it were something useful and sensible, now, I might be interested in learning it. How dull these winter afternoons are! Miss Errington, don't you get tired of teaching? One day is just like another when the weather's like this."

"Life can't be all sunshine, Ella," the governess answered, conscious of platitude, but with a little sigh. She looked over the girls' heads into the long, narrow plot of ground called "the garden," with its now untrimmed grass, and dead, drifting leaves. A cold wind from the north-east rattled the schoolroom window. Audrey listened, with the quickening of heart the sound always gave her, to a distant ring.

"Perhaps that's the Colonel. We haven't seen him since he had bronchitis. He's sure to want to see us if it is. Don't begin ancient history again, Miss Errington, just in case it *should* be," Ella said in a wheedling tone.

But Miss Errington had suddenly turned into the staidest and strictest governess; she insisted on their finding their places, and began to read aloud with them: the quickened beating of her heart kept a sort of rhythmic pace with the words. But it had quickened so often before—for ordinary visitors.

"It is the Colonel! There, I knew it, Miss Errington. I told you it was no good beginning—" as a maid appeared at the door. "Aren't you coming, too? Just because mother didn't ask for you! Oh! but I know she'd really mean you to," said Ella hospitably.

Miss Errington did not answer; she had crossed to the fireplace and was looking into it. Bessie and Ella did not wait for

## The Opposite House

her. With curls flying they hurriedly put their books together, and betook themselves at headlong speed to the drawing-room. She heard Ella bang the door as usual, and the sound jarred. It was cruel to shut the door like that, with an invalid in the house. Audrey's nerves were strung to such a tension she could have heard a pin dropping on the floor.

Five minutes. Ten minutes. Then the drawing-room door opened, and she heard footsteps coming to the schoolroom. It did not take another minute after that, but it seemed an eternity.

"Colonel Furnivall," said Nell's kind voice, a little agitated, "I told you I thought you would find our children's teacher an old acquaintance of yours. I am going to leave you to chat together for a few minutes."

Audrey lifted her eyes, and met a courteous, inquiring glance. She saw it change to one of inexpressible bewilderment; then to such a poignant joy and wistfulness the tears clouded her own eyes, and she put up her hands to them.

"Audrey!" he said, taking the hands in both his own and drawing them down from the tear-wet eyes. "It is Audrey."

"Dick!" she answered, with a sob. But he did not venture to draw nearer to her. There was the barrier of long years—separately lived years—between them. And neither of them knew what was in the other's heart.

But the May skies were blue above their heads. The air was pulsing with youth, full of the twittering of birds; they could hear the rooks calling across the Vicarage garden. The scent of pinks was in the air, white pinks set so thickly at the edge of the garden borders that it was like drifts of snowy foam. White butterflies flitted by; there were buttercups and daisies, both knew, in the meadow beyond the garden. But, above and beyond everything, there was with them the exquisite sense of youth—light heart, light step, the long summer day with no weariness in it. Youth—and love.

Colonel Furnivall dropped Miss Errington's hands, and life narrowed to a children's schoolroom again in the November twilight. A coal fell out of the grate and broke the silence. A middle-aged man and woman stood on the hearth, looking at one another with wistful eyes, full of memories.

"You are not changed, Audrey; the years have wrought little difference in you,"

he said at last, looking with a half-sad smile at the delicate cheeks flushing beneath his gaze, the abundant hair, still with the same glimmer of gold in it, framing the face, and loosely knotted behind, in the old-fashioned way that seemed to his eyes the perfection of grace, the beautiful full figure, the natural exchange for the girl's slenderness. "And I have found you at last."

"No, I have not changed," she answered simply, the tears coming to her eyes.

What was there about the spare, soldierly figure and thin, colourless face, with its bright, dark eyes, that brought Nell's story vividly before her? It seemed to Audrey that, if she had not been told, she must have known. What a beautiful, silvery-white his hair had turned—Dick's crisp, wavy brown hair.

"I did not hear about everything till months afterwards," he said with melancholy. There was none of the wild, resentful regret of youth; rather the tones of a man who has learnt hard lessons—if not to outlive some sorrows, at least to bear them. "I found your father was dead, and you had vanished. I could not find out from anyone where you had gone. But I knew you had no resource but teaching, and that you would have a hard life before you, my poor Audrey."

She covered her face with her hands, leaning her elbow on the mantelpiece, and did not speak.

"The life of a governess, and you so pretty and so poor," he said, with greater emotion in his voice than she had yet heard in it. "Ah! Audrey, you have had a hard time of it. You have known what poverty means, as well as I."

"Yes, Dick," she said, without looking up, "God knows."

"Try as I might I could not hear of you," he said. His cough stopped him a moment; she listened to it with a contraction of the heart. "I have sometimes wondered since if poor Lucy put obstacles in the way; but if she did she did not mean to be cruel. She had terrible troubles; there are worse things than poverty, worse things than you have ever dreamt of. We must forgive her if she did so, Audrey; she is dead."

The fire gave a last flicker and went down. They could hear the voice of Ella through the open drawing-room door.

"You have not asked me yet about myself; life has not gone easily with me. Not

## The Opposite House

that I have anything special to complain about," he said, with a quiet courage that went to the listener's heart; "but I am more or less a poor man. I think I should like you to know it before Mrs. Henneker brings you to see me.

"When did you come to live here? She is a kind woman," he said, with greater cheerfulness. "She spoke of you, when she only mentioned you to me as her governess, with something like affection."

"I only came a month ago for a fortnight's visit," Audrey answered, steadily now. She lifted her head. "Nell is an old friend of mine. I asked her to give me the situation for a couple of months; she wanted a teacher for the girls for that time, till they go to Brussels."

"And then——" he said, startled, "you will be without an engagement again. You leave here, then, Audrey, in two months?"

"In six weeks," she rejoined. "But I have somewhere else to go to."

"We are all going to have tea with the Colonel next week, Miss Errington, and you are going too," Ella exclaimed, boisterously throwing open the door. "Mother says she should not think of going without you. You'll ask her to come—quite properly, a regular invitation—won't you, Colonel Furnivall?"

### CHAPTER III

THE house was cheerful with winter sunshine the day of "Colonel Furnivall's reception," as Bessie called it. The two schoolgirls had seen him go out betimes early in the morning, their window facing the street, and they announced the interesting fact with great excitement later; he had carried in parcels and they were sure they had seen a bunch of chrysanthemums. They were a little disappointed to find that no one encouraged their observations.

"Don't you know we live opposite, children?" Mrs. Henneker said, a little annoyed. "It's just like the Colonel not to go in and out before our very eyes with things for our entertainment. I can't think what makes you so wild. I should hardly have thought it a great event to children your age, a quiet tea like this."

"Oh, but mother!" Bessie and Ella cried in rapid protest, "he has such lovely foreign things! and I like the chessmen and all the carvings. You know we enjoyed ourselves so much there before."



"YOU'LL ASK HER TO COME, WON'T YOU, COLONEL FURNIVALL?"

## The Opposite House

The Colonel was younger and more alert than he had been for years as he built up a comfortable fire in the afternoon, with unwonted disregard of coal, and went about the room trying to brighten his shabby furniture with an old handkerchief. He had a natural fastidiousness, and Mme. Bouguereau's ideas of dusting were not his. The square of carpet looked shabbier than ever in the winter sunshine; it had been an Indian one, but even Indian carpets have a reasonable term of existence, and will not last as long as their owners. He tried to give a cheerful appearance by setting out every little curiosity of value he possessed, ranging them on an old cabinet, with a anxious sigh.

Not that he was melancholy; it was the red-letter day of his life—so great an occasion that he paused, now and then, wondering if he were in a dream, and dreading an awakening. But to remember it was all reality he had only to go to the window; the tall house opposite might not be an enchanted palace, but the princess was there—the woman he had remembered all his life, the love of his youth. And the face, the voice he had dreamed of when he had sat in the flickering firelight, or alone in the cold darkness when Lucy's needs had been greater than usual, would take visible form and shape presently.

There had never been anyone else. He had never even thought of anyone else. If he were only wealthy, what exquisite happiness it would be to give her luxury for poverty, to enwrap her round, after all her hard-working days, with rest and comfort. But this was his great anxiety: could he offer her the home she might have, even as a governess? And would she come? Would it be right to ask her?

"Perhaps there is some alteration to be made in that!" he said for the hundredth time, taking out for the hundredth time a table of calculations from the cabinet's inner drawer. It seemed to have required doing over and over again, for sheet after sheet was covered. Colonel Furnivall's long white moustache almost swept the table, he bent so anxiously over his figures.

He had remained up till one o'clock over them the night before. There was so little that bore alteration, that was the trouble of it; he felt as if it were quite matter for regret that he had had no little extravagances, which he could have dropped there and then. They were more perplexing than ever—more hopeful, more elusive, more

utterly bewildering. But how could any calculation be otherwise that included an imaginary inventory of a woman's needs, and an income, on the other side, barely enough for a bachelor.

"If I had not mortgaged so much of my pension, and for so many years," he said at last, aloud, with a touch of hopelessness.

Mme. Bouguereau came up to ask at what hour he had said he would have tea; she remembered quite well, but was anxious to see what her lodger had been doing to his room. "Over those everlasting sums again," she said to herself, as she went downstairs.

She was a kind soul, Mme. Bouguereau, though her choice of the English tongue was limited, and her French consisted of a few words. She called herself "Booger-o" in a large and emphatic mouthful. But she had an honest right to the name; the deceased M. Bouguereau had been head of the house for the short space of five years.

"He's half starved, poor man, that's what he is, and as proud as a duke," she remarked to the little maid, in no uncertain language. "But it does me good to see that fire; he hasn't had a fire like that—nor yet a quarter of it—since he came to these rooms."

The chrysanthemums were scattered about the room now. Colonel Furnivall had found them difficult, his military training not having included the artistic arrangement of flowers; he had managed the dusting much better. Mme. Bouguereau had brought up the tea on a large tray—her very best, and a hideous thing that made her lodger wince, "hand-painted" in the centre—the better to look hospitable. Bread and butter, preserves, cake—the sort Bessie's and Ella's soul delighted in—were all laid in readiness on her stiffest white cloth, a bowl of chrysanthemums in the middle redeeming the tea-tray. When she had gone downstairs the Colonel anxiously covered the most aggressively staring part of the hand-painting with a large sugar-basin. And then the bell rang.

There was a ripple of fresh young voices—pleasant voices, like the winter sunshine outside, bringing cheerfulness at once into the tall grey house. The Colonel's face was very pale, and his eyes grew dim for a moment as he received his visitors, but his soldierly carriage did not fail him, and Audrey had too much to do to still the beating



## The Opposite House

of her own heart to notice anything just then. They took off their hats and bonnets, in deference to an old-fashioned wish of his the Hennekers were long familiar with, in the little bedroom Mme. Bouguereau ushered them into. Bessie and Ella looked about curiously as usual, but the tears came so thickly to Audrey's eyes she was obliged to make pretence of looking out of the window.

How poor it all looked, in spite of its cleanliness, of its brave attempt at cheerfulness. A blind, swift sense of anger against Lucy

and Bessie were evidently enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. The chrysanthemums were the pinkest and yellowest ever seen; the teapot, which Mme. Bouguereau had just deposited noisily on the tray, was polished to a most amazing degree of brilliance.

Mrs. Henneker made the tea; the cups and spoons tinkled cheerfully with a pleasant home-like sound; Bessie and Ella kept up an incessant chatter. Audrey sat at the side of the table, opposite the fire. Colonel



COLONEL FURNIVALL HANDED CUPS AND CAKES

and Lucy's husband possessed her for a moment. Then she remembered that she was dead. You cannot think anything cruel about those who are no longer here to answer for themselves.

After the cold, dull bedroom, which looked out on Mme. Bouguereau's "back garden," where clothes were perennially hanging out to dry, the sitting-room looked warm and cheerful with its ruddy, leaping fire. Poverty was brightened here, but it was poverty all the same, as Audrey saw with a fresh pang at her heart. There was cheerful bustle, and merry voices. Ella

Furnivall could hardly keep his eyes away from her.

The very firelight seemed to search for her; it netted and meshed itself in her shining hair, and sent ruddy flashes against the wall behind her. She looked as if she had slipped into the happiest possible dream. All Dick's poverty was forgotten; and what, indeed, had poverty ever mattered to her, except as it had regard to *him*? The dream did not prevent her from handing cups and cake, and looking after everyone's comfort as usual; but her face wore the sweet tranquillity of an autumn sunset.

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Colonel Furnivall handed cups and cakes too, and tried to talk to Bessie and Ella, though it is doubtful if he thoroughly understood more than a dozen words. But, for some reason of her own, Mrs. Henneker allowed them to chatter and laugh to an extent she never did at home. She did not make a single remark to Colonel Furnivall. Perhaps she read what was in his heart.

She might have known a little of it. But to understand all that it meant to him, the exquisite sense of home that filled the room, the inexpressible delight of Audrey's soft voice, the flutter of her dress, the growing, adoring consciousness of the gentleness and charm of her gracious womanhood, she must needs—as he had done—have waited thirty years for this hour.

The afternoon was growing late. Mme. Bouguereau had "cleared away"; she had exchanged friendly remarks with the younger guests, looked curiously at the new visitor, and had departed with an amiable countenance, bearing with her the remains of the feast. The curiosities had been brought to the table and eagerly commented on; they were always new to Bessie and Ella, though they had come to tea with the Colonel once or twice a year; and one or two new ones had been unearthed, which in his modesty he had not before thought worth the bringing out. Mrs. Henneker, a daughter on each side, was examining some Indian chessmen. The Colonel crossed the room for a moment, and stood beside Audrey on the hearth.

She had been standing, her foot on the fender, looking into the blaze, in such a pleasant, homelike attitude, having thought herself forgotten for a few moments by the remainder of the group, that a sudden dimness came to the Colonel's eyes, and he involuntarily put out his hand to the mantelpiece to steady himself. The circle of firelight enwrapped them both; Audrey's hand was so near, her old lover could have touched it by a slight movement. He looked down on the bent, shining head.

"You have seen that I am a poor man, Audrey," he said, so low that no one but herself could have heard it. Under cover of Ella's voice, it resolved itself into the merest murmur.

"I have been very happy, Dick," the answering voice said, with a slight tremor in it.

"These rooms are cheerful to-day, because you are in them," he said wistfully. "Do you think them very poor? I suppose

you would never be happy, now—in a place like this?"

"I could be very happy," she said clearly, though in tones so low he stooped from his taller height a little to hear them.

"Thank you for showing us these chessmen," said Ella. "Mother says we shall have to go now; I wish she wouldn't. We've enjoyed ourselves immensely; haven't we, Bessie? I hope you'll ask us some other time."

The fire had nearly died out. The room was growing cold—a dull, grey room, emptied of the cheerful faces and pleasant voices. The tall house opposite had swallowed them up an hour and a-half ago; and still Colonel Furnivall, with anxious eyes, mused over his table of calculations.

He did not notice the growing coldness, though it made him cough; neither did he hear Mme. Bouguereau when she entered the room. She had knocked very softly, being curious—the merest pretence at a knock. She put down a small parcel that had just arrived, and lingered for a second.

"If there were anything I could give up!" she was rewarded by hearing the Colonel say musingly, with a long-drawn sigh.

"Why, sir!" said the kind-hearted landlady, unable to repress her feelings; "you don't ought to talk of giving anything up; what you want is to spend a little more upon yourself."

"Madame Bouguereau!" exclaimed the Colonel.

He had started to his feet and turned round; there was so dark a flush of anger on his face she had repented her rashness. But she made—after the manner of her kind—an attempt at justification.

"I really thought, sir——" she began.

"I had not inquired what you thought," said the Colonel stiffly. "If any errand has brought you here," he continued, "perhaps you will have the goodness to mention it, and to leave the room."

He gave another sigh—one of self-impatience—as the footsteps retreated. But he did not put any coal upon the fire; he lighted his little lamp instead, and took up another calculation that had occurred to him. It was ten o'clock, and he had just thought vaguely it might be warmer in bed, when he heard a knock at the door. It was a respectful knock, even a deferential one, this time.

"Come in," he returned, with greater mildness than usual; for his conscience had

## The Opposite House

smitten him. If people will talk aloud, they must expect to be overheard.

"I only wanted just to say, sir," said his landlady, with unusually red cheeks, "I haven't told you I've let the lower rooms to a City gentleman. Not a gentleman like yourself," Mme. Bouguereau added, with additional deference, and quailing a little under the rather stern gaze directed at her; "but plenty of money he seems to have. I've only come to say, when I let these rooms to you, sir—and a kind, considerate lodger you've been, more thoughtful-like than anybody I've ever had, as I was saying to Mrs. Henneker—I charged you a little more, because it was the only set I had let. Don't you see, sir," added the good woman, quailing still more, "I'd be pleased to make it a shilling or so a week less, now I've the two lots going. That's only fair all round."

There was a dark flush on Colonel Furnivall's cheek. He unconsciously held himself a little more erect, as he crossed the room and opened the door.

"I appreciate your kindness, Madame Bouguereau," he said with an effort. "Allow me to ask that you will be good enough never to say such a thing to me again. I should not think of paying less for the rooms; on the contrary, I regret that it is not in my power to make it more. But you asked a certain sum—a very reasonable one, to which I have never made any objection—which you will acknowledge has been paid regularly. Allow me to open the door for you."

Good Mme. Bouguereau was quite awed. Colonel Furnivall held the door open, until she had passed through—"as if I had been a duchess," she said to the grimy maid—and closed it behind her.

### CHAPTER IV

IT was Christmas Eve.

Bessie and Ella had come to the window at intervals throughout the day, to look out disapprovingly. A pleasant bustle reigned within; there was the putting up of holly and laurel to look forward to, and a festive anticipation of Christmas presents; but the "snowy Christmas" they had hoped for did not seem likely to be even a bright and frosty one. A cold north-east wind whistled through the dreary street, under a leaden-coloured sky; it did not look "a bit like Christmas," they said, in melancholy tones.

"It would really be nicer to live among the shops," Bessie said, pressing her face to the window to see if she could discern anything of their opposite neighbour; "they're decorated so prettily, and people are going in and out all day. Every house is alike in this street. I wonder what Colonel Furnivall is doing, and if he looks forward to Christmas."

Colonel Furnivall was near his window, looking out, though she did not see him. He had paced the room for nearly an hour.

The wind whistled without. It found its way through the curtains that, worn thin with age, hung at each side of the window; it crept along the floor, and chilled his feet, having previously spent the night in trying to come in at every crevice at once and make him cough. He looked worn and pale, for he had been awake the greater part of the night; but apart from that a younger man than he had been for years. There was a light in his eyes, a new quickness in his step, even Bessie and Ella would have recognised.

All the morning he had sat before the fire with dreaming eyes; he had quite forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. Mme. Bouguereau, very quiet and subdued, had ventured to mention to him the fact that the shops would be closed on the morrow; but he appeared to take so little notice of it that she was afraid to pursue the subject further. "There's something very strange about the Colonel this morning," she had remarked to her sympathetic dependant. "He looks as if he was somewhere else all the time."

Mme. Bouguereau had guessed better than she knew; he was in a Warwickshire garden. The pinks were in bloom; the whole room was full of their spring fragrance; he could hear the rooks calling. The woman he loved was standing by him, and he was holding her hand.

Colonel Furnivall suddenly walked to the window and looked out. He was not dreaming now.

His youth was gone; he saw himself, as in a glass, a man prematurely old, in spite of his handsome face and soldierly carriage. Yes, those days had gone, and with them something that would never return—the joy in life, the exquisite sense of youth, the dream of summer. But when the late autumn days come, and the first chill is in the air—there is the firelight on the wall.

Audrey was found. If she would lay her hands in his, and share his poverty—for he

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had come to the end of his calculations now, he had decided that it was not unmanly to ask her—he felt that he would have a heart more full than any man on earth. He bowed his head unconsciously as he thought of it. The very room seemed to widen and glow. The dull glimmer of the fire seemed to stretch across to the grey house at the opposite side and enwrap her round—who might, even now, be standing before the hearth, as he had seen her.

"Mme. Bouguereau," he said, in a strange, tense voice, as he went down the stairs, passing that good woman on the way, "I am going out; I cannot say at what time I may return."

It was so short a distance to the house across the way that Colonel Furnivall might have reached it in a few moments. But he paused, when he came to the gate, with a sudden contraction of the heart.

The drawing-room blinds were up; the fire was leaping merrily within. He could see the figures of Bessie and Ella, but not so clearly, as they were sitting in the shadow, as he could see the room itself. The red glow shone on the pictures on the wall, on the *bric-à-brac* and ornaments Mrs. Henneker had gathered together. It revealed now and then the wreaths of holly and laurel already festooned by the children's hands. There was a pleasant, audible stir in the house, even in the lower rooms where the maids were.

Had he any right, after all, to offer Audrey his poverty? She was compelled to be a governess; but in a kind and generous home like this, overflowing with all good things—so it seemed just then to the lonely figure standing in the cold—she would be better off, in all material ways, than she could possibly be with him. Did he not know what it meant to live his straitened life, to forego all little luxuries that come to mean so much to some, as they grow old, to be narrowed down to a consideration of pence.

Bessie's voice rang out gaily; she stirred the fire into a greater blaze, which had already been leaping cheerfully. Colonel Furnivall turned away.

The cold wind was in his face; it made him shiver in his thin coat until his teeth almost chattered, but he scarcely noticed that he was cold. The afternoon was darkening; his dream had suddenly faded. He felt strangely old, and weak, and tired.

Now he was nearing the lighted shops. It began to look like Christmas Eve.

People were going in and out with shining Christmas faces, carrying bundles of holly and mistletoe and mysterious bulging parcels; the whole street seemed astir. The lights, the cheerful voices, the children's happy treble, all struck coldly to his heart. The bleakness and coldness of the bitter winter evening seemed to find its counterpart there.

"Colonel Furnivall," a voice said softly out of the darkness. He turned and looked about him with a numb, bewildering sense of unreality, and saw Audrey step into the flaring gaslight before a jeweller's shop, and lift her eyes to his.

She had not been in the firelit drawing-room, he thought swiftly, after all. Instead of that, she had a basket on her arm, and had evidently been shopping; the governess, kindly treated enough, but an outsider all the same; very simply dressed, as Audrey always had been, and with a look of womanly patience and wistfulness in her eyes that went straight to Dick Furnivall's heart.

He was no longer cold—the weight was lifted from his breast. This vision of Audrey, in the darkening evening, making her way through the crowd, the east wind that had been chilling him blowing in her face, was the answer to his doubts as nothing else could have been. Something like a sob rose in his throat. Without a word he offered her his arm, and they turned homewards, for he saw that her steps had been bent in that direction.

They were out of the range of the lighted shops now, and had turned up a quiet, darkening street. The man's heart was full; the touch of the hand upon his arm thrilled him with a very passion of tenderness, of protecting, enwrapping affection.

"Audrey!" he said, without any preliminary—she was not startled—"My Audrey! my Audrey! you know that I have never loved anyone else but you. If you would come to me—I have nothing but poverty to offer you; would you come and share it with me?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered, very clearly and sweetly, through the winter darkness.

"I have so little to offer you," he said, regret struggling with inexpressible joy; "and your life has been such a hard one. I wondered this evening, when I stood at Mrs. Henneker's gate, if I had any right to ask you. And I was miserable when I met you."

"If you were in prison, Dick, if you



## The Opposite House

were in exile," she said, clasping her other hand upon his arm, "I should want to come to you, I should want to share your lot, wherever you were; for I have loved you all my life."

There was a brilliant flood of light when Mrs. Henneker opened the door; she did not wait for any knocking. She had seen the two figures outside, standing for a moment in the lamplight, and something in Audrey's upturned face, in the way in which her companion looked down upon her, had told her all.

There were no maids about; they were busy in the kitchen, for it was Christmas Eve, and there was holly and a stray piece of mistletoe to be put up in that domain also. Bessie and Ella were romping with their father; the sound of their voices echoed through the hall, bright with laurel-boughs, with holly-wreaths, with coral berries. They had made it "look like Christmas" at last.

Mrs. Henneker's kind eyes were full of tears. She took the Colonel's hands, without a word, in both her own, and put her arms round Audrey and kissed her.

"We have something to tell you," Audrey said, blushing rosily now that she was no longer in the friendly darkness. She looked up at her lover a moment with eyes sweet and shy as a girl's—for an instant the old Audrey of her youth.

"Something to tell me?" Colonel Furnivall queried, a little puzzled. The words, he thought, had been meant for Mrs. Henneker. But the look was at him.

"Nell guesses what I have to tell her. Yes, we love one another; we have loved one another all our lives. It is the happiest Christmas Eve in the whole wide world. But Nell! Nell!" Audrey said, holding her friend's hands, half laughing, half crying, "I have the hardest task before me now I ever had in my life."

"Well! Deceit brings punishment. Now is the time, and this is the place. Come in here," said Mrs. Henneker, opening the door of the schoolroom and showing it empty, lit only by a drowsy fire. "Audrey wants to tell you the worst thing she ever did in her life, Colonel Furnivall. She is a new woman, you know."

Audrey made no rejoinder; her voice was not very steady just then. The door was closed behind them, and they were left in the pleasant, undisturbed solitude. It seemed to the Colonel that everything con-

spired to make them happy; he had not dared to hope for this delightful *tête-à-tête* so soon.

"Dick!" she said, drawing him by both hands into the range of firelight, and looking up at him with a trouble in her eyes he could perceive, even in the indistinct light, and was alarmed at. A tiny blaze sprang suddenly up, and illumined the kind, anxious eyes looking down upon her. Something in that face, with its lines of patient courage—with its new light of a great joy—touched her heart with a pang that was almost remorse.

"If I had only a little more to take care of you with," he said, holding her in his arms, "there would be no one so happy in England."

The trouble showed itself in her eyes again. She stooped, to hide it, stirring the fire, and the coals sprang up into a blaze, defeating her object. Audrey tried to look up at him, then threw her arms round his neck and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Dick! Dick!" she whispered, half laughing, half crying, "I wonder if you will ever forgive me. I've deceived you, dear, from beginning to end. I'm not a governess—I'm not a poor woman at all; I'm almost a rich one. I have—oh, forgive me, Dick!" she cried, almost with a sob, as his arms unclosed—"I have a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

The trouble was on Colonel Furnivall's face now. With raised head, and eyes that missed nothing, Audrey was conscious that he was holding himself involuntarily erect. There was a quiver on the lips that had been so tranquil.

"Do you mind—so much?" she asked, her heart failing her as she met his look. But she knew she had been right; that if he had known before, it would have made an impassable gulf between them.

"I mind as much as if I had been accused of fortune-hunting," he said, still with the same look on his face. "I am glad, for your sake, you have all this money. But I did not look for a fortune with my wife."

She held out her hands to him. "I'm glad I did it," she said bravely; "I'd do it again. And I had had such a hard time. I was in situations until a year ago, and then a kind old lady I had been companion to died, and I think she must have liked me, because she left me part of what she had. When I recognised you—when I heard that you were poor because you had



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been so good to others—why, then, Dick," she went on courageously, looking up into his eyes, "I knew you and I would have been as far apart for life—if you had known I had that money—as if we had been at the poles. No, I don't want to conceal anything; it's all my doing. I asked Nell to let me stay and teach the children on purpose that I might be near you. I let you think I was still a governess that I might give you your chance of speaking to me—if you wanted to do so," she added, smiling through her tears.

She came to him of her own accord, and put her head on his shoulder again. He was inexpressibly moved.

"It's a sad thing, having a hundred and twenty pounds a year. But we must make the best of it, Dick; have you ever thought of all it will do for other people?" She drew him to a chair that stood beside the fire, and, kneeling, looked up into his face. "How hard it has been for us both to be poor; you know what it has been like, Dick. There are others, besides ourselves—many and many, this Christmas Eve—who have had hard work to live. Think of the good we may do to others, dear, with a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

"Yes," said the Colonel, simply and reverently, and wholly vanquished now. "I have been thinking of nothing but my own selfish pride. I should have rejoiced for your sake, Audrey, as well as for others who will benefit by it. Ah, how much you can do—we might both do," he added, with perfect simplicity, "with a hundred and twenty pounds."

"You and I, Dick. This is our Christmas Eve. Do you remember the Vicarage garden?" she said. "Sometimes I think that I can hear the rooks calling. The pinks—do you remember them?—they were all in bloom that day."

"And the meadows beyond were full of buttercups. I have been dreaming of it all the morning. Sometimes I used to think that, when I was dying—I have heard that people go through scenes in their life again, or some one scene—I might stand there a few moments, Audrey, in the wind and sunshine, as we stood that morning, and be young again—and hold your hand."

She came a little nearer to him, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"When I have been ill and alone I have always had that hope," he said. "I never

thought I should be permitted to see you again till that hour came. But when it came, I have always had a sort of certainty that God would grant me that."

Tears were gathering in her eyes. She tried to keep them back, and smiled up at him bravely, like an April sunbeam; a little gleam of firelight broke out again.

"And now—" he said, looking down upon her with the face of his youth, "I



SHE CAME A LITTLE NEARER HIM

shall never be lonely again; for I have realised my dream."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mme. Bouguereau, with tears, "I come up with the candle when I heard his step at the door, and he walked in looking as if he'd seen an angel. I never see such a look on any man's face yet. 'A happy Christmas, Mme. Bouguereau,' he says—nothing else."

"And in the morning, ma'am, when he didn't get up, and time was getting on, and knocking didn't seem any good, I went into the room. And there he lay—with just that same look upon his face."

Audrey Errington lives in Mme. Bouguereau's rooms. The old carpet, the shabby furniture, stand where they did;

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she will allow no other hands but hers to touch them. Summer or winter she is hardly ever away; her great wish is that she may be there when she dies.

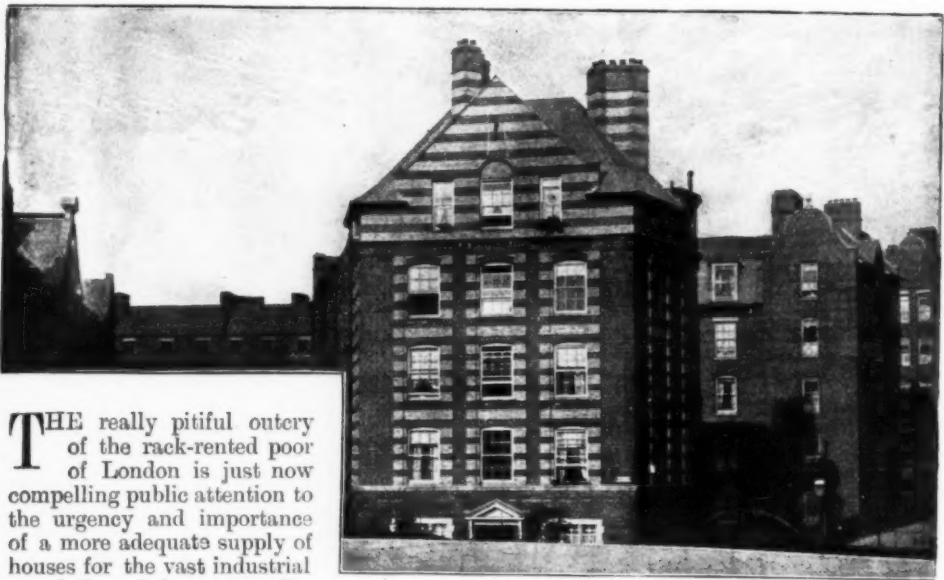
There is a little church near by, where she has Colonel Furnivall's seat; where she listens with bowed head to the words that fall upon her ear, finding voice most of all in one ancient petition that seems to stretch across the great space between life and death: "for those departed this life in Thy faith and fear."

Yet, standing at her window on darken-

ing afternoons, watching the light slowly fade in the dreary street, Audrey wonders sometimes, with an overwhelming tide of longing, if it is wrong to dream she has exchanged long years of heaven's glory for one remembrance. To have seen the solitary figure come up the street in the gathering twilight, the kind, worn face lighten at the sight of her: to have led him into the warmth and brightness of their home, brought his chair to the hearth, sat by his side in the winter firelight—for one short hour.

## Housing the Poor

BY THE REV. C. FLEMING WILLIAMS, ALDERMAN, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL



IMPROVED DWELLINGS IN BETHNAL GREEN

THE really pitiful outcry of the rack-rented poor of London is just now compelling public attention to the urgency and importance of a more adequate supply of houses for the vast industrial population of the metropolis. For years past the population of London has gone on increasing by leaps and bounds, without any sufficient precautions being taken to avoid the risks of overcrowding, and consequent insanitation. The people of London were helpless in the matter. The government of the metropolis was in the hands of between forty and fifty independent local authorities, acting without any central guidance or con-

trol. The inevitable result of such administrative chaos followed, and London absorbed the inflowing stream of human beings, without much regard being paid to considerations of either health or morals. Between the years 1851 and 1896 the population of inner London increased from 2,363,274 to 4,433,018. The best-equipped

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and organised municipality in the world might well have found its resources and powers taxed to the uttermost to absorb, without injury, such an immense increase of inhabitants; but for London, with its almost total absence of municipal organisation, the task proved hopeless and impossible. Only those who are familiar with the conditions of life prevailing in the poorer and more congested districts can appreciate the magnitude of the evil with which the better organised London of to-day is confronted.

### The Extent of the Evil

The most recent statistics available on the subject disclose a state of affairs which it would be inhuman, and indeed perilous, to disregard. Not less than 900,000 persons are living in overcrowded tenements, and of that vast number about 300,000 are huddled together in single-room tenements. It is no uncommon thing to find from five to eight persons occupying a single room, and careful inquiry appears to have proved that close upon 40,000 unfortunate creatures are living five persons in one room.

As might be expected, the effect upon the physical and moral welfare of human beings, herded together under such unnatural, unwholesome, and immoral conditions, presents one of the most pathetic and ghastly aspects of this sombre and formidable problem. With remorseless precision the death-rate increases with density of population, and in such crowded areas amounts to *double* that prevailing over the whole of the metropolis. The sacrifice of infant life attributable to the "slums" of London is disgraceful and appalling. Out of every 1,000 born, for instance, in St. Saviour's, Southwark, 230 perish, and in St. Luke's, across the water, out of every 1,000 born 154 die. The average infant mortality, even within the districts in which those parishes are situated, in the one case was 23, and in the other (St. Luke's) 27 per 1,000. When one remembers the importance of bodily health to the labouring classes it is impossible to withhold compassion from men and women doomed to live under conditions which starve and exhaust all staminal strength. Apart from considerations of humanity, the slow but sure impairing of the industrial efficiency of so many thousands of our workers is profoundly to be deplored. This aspect of the housing problem does not obtrude itself upon the casual observer, because the constant influx of country-born

people permits no inconvenient gaps in the ranks of the industrial army. The last census revealed the fact that only 65 per cent. of the resident population of London were born in London! If it were not for this constant replenishing of our filthy and poisonous slums from without, their deadly work would, in time, leave them silent and tenantless.

If the *physical* consequences are so serious, what must be the effect of all this herding of human beings on their moral nature? Imagine the brutal frankness, the coarse familiarity, the shameless indelicacy which must obtain where all natural reticences and decencies of domestic life are rendered physically impossible. Every finer sensibility is blunted, and habits of thought and feeling contracted which gangrene the soul. After twenty-five years of work in the east and north of London I have come to the conclusion that until a sweeter and purer home life is brought within the reach of the poor, it is almost useless urging them to accept the Christian ideal of character.

Of course there are many bright Christians to be found even in the lowest and most squalid tenements, and I know nothing more pathetic than their constant struggle to resist permeation by the depraved public sentiment which surrounds them; but such exceptions are few, and seldom indeed drawn from the slum tenantry of the metropolis.

### The Work of the County Council

The creation of the London County Council in 1889 conferred on London, amongst other things, the long desired boon of a Central Sanitary Authority, and much was expected from the new body of administrators.

The enthusiasm of the new Council for sanitary reform was checked and hindered by the insufficiency of the powers conferred upon it by the Legislature, and it was not until the passage into law of the "Housing of the Working Class Act," 1890, that any useful amelioration of pressing evils could be attempted. Under the provisions of Part I. of that important Act, the Council is in London the sole authority for carrying out schemes for the improvement of unhealthy areas which are of such magnitude that their entire cost ought to fall upon the whole county. In all such schemes dwelling accommodation has to be provided, on the improved area, for the same number of



DRAWN BY]

WAITING FOR MOTHER

[MAYNARD BROWN



DRAWN BY]

THE PINCH OF POVERTY

[MAYNARD BROWN



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persons of the working class as is displaced. This requirement is, however, subject to variation, to the extent of one-half, at the discretion of the Secretary of State. Under the provisions of Part II. smaller insanitary areas may be improved, either by the Council, or by a vestry or district board, or at the joint expense of the Council and the district board or vestry.

The main difference of the two parts of the Act, apart from the size of the insanitary areas to be dealt with, is that under Part I. dwelling accommodation for at least *half* of the persons displaced *must* be provided on the displacement area; under Part II. accommodation may be dispensed with altogether. Part III. of the Act introduces a new principle, enabling the Council to purchase land without any restriction as to the quantity, and itself build thereon houses to meet the demand for additional dwellings for persons of the working classes. Under this third part of the Act the Council is free to carry through such a building operation without recourse being had to Parliament for its sanction, and without interference by either the Secretary of State or the Local Government Board.

In the exercise of its powers under the Act, the Council has dealt with between twenty and thirty insanitary areas, from which 11,674 persons have been displaced, and on which new tenements have been erected for the accommodation of 8,830 of that number. In connection with smaller schemes by vestries, etc., the Council contributing part of the cost, 3,251 have been displaced, and 1,900 rehoused. To provide this accommodation has involved an expenditure of £2,356,945. The rents charged for accommodation have been so fixed that after providing for all outgoings, interest, and sinking fund charges, only a relatively insignificant charge falls on the rate-payers of London. It is not so much the cost of rehousing, as the enormous cost of *purchasing and clearing insanitary areas*, which has caused the Council to pause in its excellent work of sanitary reform.

The Compensation Question

A "slum" is the result of two causes: first, the overcrowding of buildings on a particular area; and secondly, the overcrowding of those buildings with tenants. The owner of the land quite as much as the owner of the houses standing upon it must be held responsible for the frightful con-

sequences which flow from so immoral a use of property. It is to the financial interest of a landowner to encourage the erection of an excessive number of buildings on his property, and obviously so.

The compensation clauses penalise the *house owner* if he has allowed his property to fall into a state of neglect, or if he is shown to have derived dishonest profit from its illegal use; but in the case of the *ground owner*, the law protects him from any penalties whatever. The man must be paid the full market value of his ground rents, whatever immoral expedients may have been adopted to force those rents up to an unreasonable and exorbitant amount. No one familiar with the defective state of the law in this respect can wonder that, after a few costly experiences, the Council shrank from further rewarding the creators of slums out of the public purse.

As an instance of the prohibitive cost of such clearances, the Boundary Street Area, Bethnal Green, may be mentioned. In this case fifteen acres of land were so covered with buildings that no possible improvement of the buildings themselves could have rendered them fit for human habitation. The streets were narrow, dark, and ill paved. What had once been gardens at the rear or by the side of houses were covered with additional structures, until the free circulation of air and the free penetration of light had become, in many large tracts of the area, a physical impossibility. The death rate was excessive, and the general condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of this area deplorable in the extreme.

In discharge of its statutory obligations, and moved thereto by the grave reports of its medical officers, the Council purchased the whole area at an ultimately ascertained cost, for land, trade interests, and such houses as were of proved value, of £230,890.

Mr. Blashill's Proposals

It must be perfectly obvious that such an expenditure on the mere acquisition of a dangerously insanitary area was regarded by many as demonstrating the hopelessness of ever cleansing the whole of London by the same costly method. In a paper read before the Sanitary Congress, recently held at Southampton, Thomas Blashill, Esq., late architect of the London County Council, advocated a method of dealing with slum property which, if drastic, must, nevertheless, command respect as being the opinion of a man possessed of exceptional know-

## Housing the Poor

ledge and experience. Mr. Blashill's plan is to compel the owners of slum property and insanitary areas to rebuild at their own expense, and under municipal supervision, and at the same time to enforce existing laws against overcrowding. In my opinion Mr. Blashill has suggested the only just and practicable method of dealing with such conditions as he enumerates. At any rate, it is quite certain that the alternative of buying up all such property and charging the County rate with the cost of the transaction, is simply impossible—if for no other reason than that it would encourage the creation of as many new slums as the transaction would abolish.

Great outside pressure is being brought to bear upon the Council, with a view to inducing that body to make a larger use than it yet has of Part III. of the Housing Act. It is thought that by acquiring *vacant* land, and itself building, the Council would effectually compete with existing insanitary house property. Personally I have always advocated that policy where practicable. The site on which the Millbank Prison once stood has been so acquired, and is now being covered with large block-buildings intended to accommodate between four and five thousand persons. In practice, however, it is found that the number of such available sites, within the jurisdiction of the Council, is very limited, and that the mere fact of the Council being known as a possible purchaser has had the effect of raising the price demanded by the owners of vacant land. Two sites on which it is proposed to rehouse working people displaced by a much needed improvement, now in progress, have cost £500,000, which represents an outlay, *on land alone*, of £300 per family of five persons in one instance, and £500 per family in the other—I repeat, *on land alone*. Of course the truth is that the value of land in Central London is rapidly increasing, and more and more passing out of use for residential purposes. The land is required for commercial and industrial purposes, and the amount therefore available for cheaply rented houses becomes daily less. I am afraid it is not possible to materially benefit our overcrowded poor by setting in operation the provisions of Part III. of the Housing Act. After all, the surface on which London stands is limited, and cannot carry more than a certain number of structures, and as the number of such structures devoted to commercial and industrial purposes increases, the number

available for residences must decrease. The history of what has happened in the most central part of London, the City, well illustrates what is in course of happening in adjoining districts. Less than forty years ago the City accommodated a resident population of 112,000, and three years ago it was ascertained that the 112,000 had shrunk to 31,083! People could not afford to live on land which had acquired enormous value for commercial purposes, and were therefore driven outwards in quest of less costly land on which to erect homes for themselves.

The Poor live on the Dearest Land

The difficulty of inducing wage-earners to follow the example of the better circumstanced commercial classes, and move outwards into more open and healthy districts, arises from the necessity which exists, in their case, to remain within easy and cheap reach of their only means of livelihood. Factories, workshops, warehouses, docks, and the hundred other sources of employment found in the central districts of the metropolis, compel the wage-earners to crowd such living accommodation as may be found in their neighbourhood. Pitiful accommodation I have shown it to be, and even then only practicable at the dreadful cost of all the ills flowing from overcrowding. If the law against overcrowding were set in operation, not only would many thousands of unfortunate creatures be rendered homeless, but the lower rental value of the houses which would result from such a depletion of tenants would speedily reduce the number of such houses, because they had ceased to be profitable. As a rule, the poor live on the dearest land—on land, that is, possessing high commercial value, and they can only do so by combining to pay a rent equal, or almost equal, to the rent which the land would pay if used for commercial purposes. Those who object to the style of building adopted by the County Council, and who denounce such lofty structures as likely to foster all the evils of barrack life, forget that no other kind of accommodation is possible if rents are to be kept within reasonable reach of a workman's means. As it is, many complaints are heard from the Council's tenants against the high rents which they are called upon to pay; and if the yet higher rent, which would be required to recoup outlay on a less economical use of land, were charged, it is quite certain no workman could avail himself of the accommodation.

## Housing the Poor

The cost of land lies at the root of the housing problem, and all that goes to increase that cost adds only to the perplexity of the problem in all great industrial centres, London as elsewhere. If the increased value accruing to land in consequence of the presence, the industry, and the enterprise of population, and in consequence also of the expenditure on roads, bridges, sewage, police, schools, hospitals, and the many other necessities of collective existence,—if the value so created by the people, and by the people alone, could be secured for the use of those who created it, then indeed there would remain no housing problem to solve. If the sixteen millions sterling which Londoners now pay yearly to the private owners of the site for the privilege of living on that site and improving it out of their own pockets, could be made available for municipal purposes, then indeed there would be no difficulty in rescuing our people from the body and soul destroying influences of what Tennyson has described as

“the fever-haunted warrens of the poor.”

The “if” is a large one, and meanwhile something must be done to meet the crying demand for more and better house room for the poor. At best the County Council cannot do much more than rehouse *all* the poor it displaces by street improvements and clearance schemes. The several industrial buildings corporations, carrying on business in London, have apparently withdrawn from the enterprise, and are resting on their past achievements. Private enterprise, which seldom requires more than a prospect of reasonable profit to stimulate its action, has abandoned the central districts of London, and is occupied in erecting cheap dwellings on the outskirts of the metropolis. A well-organised agitation is securing concessions from several of the railway companies, especially the Great Eastern, which may enable many workmen and their families to reside farther afield, and the control of the tramways by the municipality will no doubt greatly cheapen and expedite communication between the centre and circumference of the metropolis. Notwithstanding such aids to the reduction of congestion in the central districts, that congestion is, unhappily, on the increase. Rents are rising, and to meet those rising rents the poor are crowding into smaller and smaller space. All those whose duty and inclination compels them to make themselves accurately acquainted with the facts

of the situation regard the outlook with sincere apprehension.

Personally, I have reached the conviction that nothing short of the removal of an appreciable proportion of our industrial population to low developed and therefore cheap land can avert the catastrophe towards which London is steadily drifting. I am fully aware of the difficulties besetting such a proposal, but I think those difficulties can be surmounted by wise forethought and effective organisation. The cry “Back to the land” has come to sound hollow and unreal, mainly because townspeople have lost aptitude and desire for the sort of pastoral existence involved in the suggestion. Men shrink from the solitude, the dreariness, and the hopelessness which oppresses life in sparsely populated agricultural districts. The attractions of London are many. Workers especially find, or hope to find, exceptionally favourable opportunities of employment, and, what is hardly less essential to rational life, facilities of social intercourse with people of their own class and tastes and habits.

But suppose it were possible to provide equal opportunities of work and pleasure, under conditions far more conducive to health and prosperity, would not the superior attractions of such an opportunity be welcomed by thousands? The poor are not enamoured of the wretchedness and the squalor, the disease and misery, of their present lot; they are forced to endure these things in order to be within reach of their means of livelihood. Transfer the factory, the workshops, the warehouse, to some other locality, and the workers have no option but to follow, and certainly no interest to serve in remaining where they are. There are many industries now conducted in London which could be quite as effectively conducted elsewhere, if the new site were selected with due regard to the presence of all subordinate yet necessary facilities, such as rail, water, etc. Within the last few years many large commercial undertakings have transferred their workshops from London to the country, I have no doubt to their own benefit and with undoubted benefit to the employees.

A remarkable book recently published by Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., called “Tomorrow: a Peaceful Path to Real Reform,” contains one of the most useful and valuable suggestions in the direction I have indicated

The Garden  
City

## Housing the Poor

which I have yet heard advanced. Mr. E. Howard, the author of the book, has evidently given the subject long and close attention, and with quite convincing lucidity he expounds a scheme of colonisation well worthy of the attention which it is beginning to attract. Briefly, Mr. Howard proposes to acquire about 6,000 acres of land at its present agricultural value, which he puts at about £40 an acre, the money to be raised by mortgage. On this land he would build an ideal city capable of accommodating 30,000 inhabitants. As much of the 6,000 acres as would not be required by the urban population would be devoted to farms, market gardens, fruit gardens, and the like. Mr. Howard shows how the rents which would be paid for sites, farms, etc., would be sufficient to provide interest and sinking fund for redemption of the mortgage, and amply meet all municipal expenses. The inhabitants of "Garden City" would collectively own the freehold of the estate, and all increment of value which the site might acquire would be devoted to the use of those who created it. It is impossible in a few hurried words to convey any sufficient impression of the care, skill, and

success with which Mr. Howard has worked out the details of his scheme. If by a wise combination of manufacturers and others such a city could be built, it would not only solve the housing question but many other questions of not less importance to the welfare of society. And why not? The purchase-money would be speedily forthcoming if only a sufficient number of the required classes of people were prepared to embrace the splendid opportunity. An association has been formed which contains the names of many well-known men in the commercial and social worlds, and there appears every prospect of a successful attempt being made to test the practicability of what is likely to prove one of the most interesting and fruitful experiments of our day.

As I move in and out amongst the poor, and as the full extent of the *avoidable* suffering inflicted upon them by their surroundings stamps itself home upon heart and conscience, I cannot help hoping, praying that a wise Christian patriotism may silence all party and personal interests, and come to the rescue of these helpless victims of legalised injustice and social neglect.



## An Evening Prayer



**F**ATHER! Thy hand hath  
framed the star,  
Alike with me;  
The dale, the field, the  
forest are  
Thy property,  
The purple eve, the buds  
that robe  
A hundred hills:  
And all the splendour of the globe  
Thy praise fulfils.  
Yet to my weakness bend Thine ear  
And stoop to hear.

Give me, instead of wealth and power,  
A loving soul,  
To sun the dark, and light the shower,  
When tempests roll.

Give me to scorn a fated tomb,  
The hero's heart;  
To stand unmoved in strife or gloom  
Fearless of dart.

Give me the broken heart to bind,  
To balm the gall,  
And that divine content of mind  
Surpassing all.

The lowly hearth, the humble home,  
With Thee to bless,  
Are better than the garnished dome  
Of wickedness.

Give me for ever on Thy breast  
My head to keep,  
And, when Thy servant lies to rest,  
Thy peace in sleep.

F. B. MACNUTT.

# THE John Rylands LIBRARY.



THE BIBLE ROOM.

THE foundation of great Libraries has from a very early period been associated with distinguished names. Without going back to Alexandria and to Ptolemy Philadelphus, or glancing at Cosimo de' Medici and the princely library of Florence, it may suffice to mention our own countrymen, Sir Thomas Bodley, Sir Hans Sloane, and Dr. Radcliffe, as illustrious examples. It is interesting to note that a public library was founded in London by Richard Whittington as early as 1425, some twenty years before the invention of printing. But unfortunately, as Stow the antiquary tells us, the books ("three cart-loads") were borrowed about 1559 by Somerset, the Lord Protector, who omitted to return them; and the rest were destroyed in the Great Fire of London. At Bristol, a reference library was founded by one Robert Redwood in 1615; and in Manchester, by a bequest of Humphrey Chetham, the famous library that bears his name was established in an old monastic house; and has been in uninterrupted use since the year 1655.<sup>1</sup>

These noble precedents have now been nobly followed, and another world-famous Library—a monument of wifely devotion—perpetuates in Manchester the name of one of the most honoured and successful merchants of modern times. Nothing could be more appropriate as a memorial to the late Mr. Rylands. For all through his life he had been a lover of books, and although the career to which he had devoted himself gave him but little opportunity for study, his keenest sympathies were always with students, especially students of Theology, which to him was truly the Queen of the Sciences. As Dr. McLaren

See "Public Libraries," by Thomas Greenwood, F.R.G.S. Third Edition, 1890.





THE S. M. SCOTT  
PRINCIPAL  
LIBRARY.

NORTH END, WITH STATUE OF MR. RYLANDS

## The John Rylands Library, Manchester

finely said at the inauguration of the library on October 6 last: "Some of the audience can remember the very humble germ out of which this great building has grown. I mean the little Library which long ago, in the suburb of Stretford, Mr. Rylands watched over with fostering care, and which, in its measure and time, was an incalculable benefit to many a struggling minister and clergyman. The same spirit, transfigured and glorified, is to be seen in this magnificent building."

The structure prepared by Mrs. Rylands for the reception of the books has occupied some nine years in erection, from the designs of Mr. Basil Champneys; and by common consent it stands as one of the architectural glories of Manchester. Every detail has been minutely considered by Mrs. Rylands herself, with a view to the main purpose, and while the general effect is one of striking magnificence, every part is instinct with literary and historical interest. The great stained-glass windows at opposite ends of the Library bear the effigies of illustrious men of letters, ancient and modern, representing every department of thought and learning; one window

being devoted to Theology, the other to Literature, Philosophy, and Art. Then, as the spectator passes down the long avenue of the Library, he views on the gallery-front, above the reading recesses on either side, a series of portrait-statues of the foremost leaders of human thought. Among these, in opposite pairs, stand Homer and Shakespeare, Thales and Bacon, Milton and Goethe, Luther and Calvin, Bunyan and Wesley, Newton and John Dalton, with other illustrious figures, including the chief translators of the Scriptures into English; and as worthy associates of such company, those early printers, Gutenberg and Caxton. High up again, between the windows of the vast clerestory, a series of carved Latin mottoes preach their silent lessons from the past: "There is no monopoly in wisdom"; "Draw from unpolluted springs"; "Study builds up character"; "To live is to think"; "I believe in order that I may understand"; "The law of the wise is a fountain of life"; "The name of the Lord is a strong tower"; with many more such thought-stimulating texts.

The convenience of readers is everywhere consulted. Twenty-four spacious recesses afford every facility for quiet study; large apartments with open shelves contain books of reference of all kinds; while the choicer treasures of the Library are contained in separate rooms—the "Bible Room," the "Aldine Room," the "Room of Early Printed Books," and the "Map Room." As the plan of the Library does not allow of books being borrowed away from the building, these arrangements, which have been most carefully and elaborately made, will be found of prime importance.

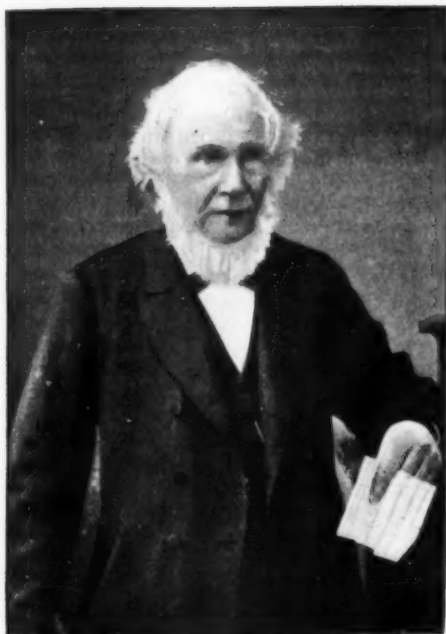
The collection of books was begun by Mrs. Rylands as soon as her plan was formed, and has been continued without intermission from about the year 1889. At first the theological element predominated; large purchases were made of the most helpful works in this department, ancient and modern; the scope, however, was gradually enlarged, and thousands of volumes in different departments of literature had already been collected, when in 1892 the celebrated Althorp Collection, chiefly formed by the second Earl Spencer, was known to be obtainable. Mrs. Rylands at once secured it, and thus became possessed of what was perhaps the noblest private collection of books in Great Britain. Some forty thousand volumes were acquired by this one



ST. CHRISTOPHER

(Reduced facsimile of first dated woodcut, 1423)

## The John Rylands Library, Manchester



*Photo by]*

JOHN RYLANDS

*[Debenham, Ryde*

purchase, and the whole collection now consists of about sixty thousand volumes.

Attention is naturally first directed to the unique and most characteristic treasures of such a Library. Enthusiastic book-lovers will here find inexhaustible material of delight. The Block-books, which antedated the invention of printing from movable types, are well represented. Among others the "Biblia Pauperum" of the early part of the fifteenth century, in two admirable exemplars with their quaint woodcuts; the "Apocalypse of St. John," marvellously illustrated, and the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" of the same period, where some pages of text are printed from wooden blocks and others from movable types, strikingly illustrating the transition from block to type-printing, with a subsequent edition wholly from movable types; and the "woodcut of St. Christopher, 1423," of which we give a facsimile, the earliest known piece of block-printing to which a date is attached. The early triumphs of the printing-press, two splendid Latin Psalters printed by Fust and Schoeffer at Mainz, the first and second books with dates (1457, 1459), an Indulgence of Pope Nicholas v (1455) to all who should

subscribe to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks, with original seal attached, printed at Mainz, probably by Gutenberg; and a Bull of Pope Pius II printed at Mainz by Schoeffer, the first book with a title-page.

But of all the early printed books, incomparably the most interesting are the Latin Bibles printed at Mainz and Strasburg; pre-eminently the Mazarin Bible (so called because found in the great Cardinal's library two centuries afterwards), printed by Schoeffer between 1450 and 1456. This superb copy, in the clearness and beauty of the type (imitative of the best manuscript), the blackness of the ink, and the fine strong texture of the paper, will bear comparison with the choicest productions of the press in modern times. Another copy of the Scriptures, also printed at Mainz, in all probability by Gutenberg, is known as the "Pfister Bible," from the type employed, and is a worthy companion to the former. These claim to have been the first books ever printed. The "Mentelin Bible," and the "Eggesteyn Bible," so called from their respective printers' names, were both published at Strasburg a little while afterwards. These four beautiful books show both how the art of printing



*Photo by]*

MRS. RYLANDS

*[Debenham, Ryde*

**O** The moost sweete spouse of my loue Erlste  
 Ihesu despyng brately euermore for to be with the in myn  
 de and lyffe/ And to let none other thyng be soo nge  
 myn hert as thow Erlste Ihesu/ And that I dare not for to depe  
 for to goo to the Erlste Ihesu/ And that I may euermore saye In  
 to the with a gladd chere/ My lord/ My god/ my souerayne saup  
 our Erlste Ihesu/ I expecte the brately/ take me synner Into thy  
 grete mercy and grace/ For I bue the with al my hert/ with all  
 my mynde/ with all my myght/ And no thyng soo moche in erth  
 nor aboue erthe/ as I doo the my swete lord/ Erlste Ihesu/ And  
 for that I haue not knowe the/ and worshipped the/ aboue al thyng  
 as my lord/ My god/ and my saueour/ Erlste Ihesu/ I expecte the  
 with mekenesse and herte contryte/ of mercy and of forgyuenesse  
 of my grete synnynesse/ for the grete bue that thou shaldest for  
 me and al mankynde/ what tyme thou offerdest thy ghyuous body  
 god/ and may Into the Crosse/ ther to be crucifyed/ and blooded  
 And Into thy ghyuous herte a sharp spere/ ther wringyn out plen  
 tyuously blood/ and bade for the redemption and saluation of me  
 and al mankynde/ And thus souynge wmmbraynce stedfastly  
 in my hert of the my saupour Erlste Ihesu/ I doubt not/ but  
 thou lyffe to ful nge me/ and comforte me bothe bodyly and go  
 ospyly with thy ghyuous presence/ And at the last brynge me Into  
 thy euerlastynge blysse/ the which shalle neuer haue ende/ Amen/

FACSIMILE OF PRAYER FROM CAXTON'S "DEATHBED PRAYERS," 1489

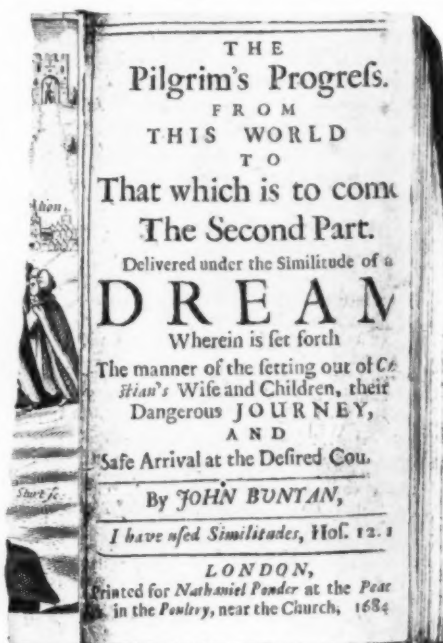
achieved perfection in most important respects at the very outset, and how its choicest skill and care were lavished upon the production of the written word of God.

One of the chief glories of the Library is its collection of English Bibles. Beginning with the Tindale "Pentateuch" of 1534, it comprises nearly every translation of importance down to the Revised Version of our own day. In extent the collection is a notable one, and the fine condition of many of its rarest copies helps to make it one of the most perfect in existence.

A copy of Luther's German Bible, the first edition, in folio, printed on vellum, is one of the most magnificent books acquired from Althorp. To mention other versions in different languages would occupy too much space: we may only refer to a translation which to us is a pathetic curiosity—John Eliot's Bible, in the language of the Indians of New England, of which the first and second editions are in the Library (1663, 1685). Its pages are now unreadable, but the volume remains as the record of a saintly life and an heroic mission.<sup>1</sup>

Early printed books, as here collected, mainly from the Althorp Library, comprise no fewer than fifty-one Caxtons, three of

them absolutely unique—the "Four Sons of Aymon" and "Blanchardyn and Eglantine," two folios of 1489; with a broadside of "Deathbed Prayers." There are also choice productions from the press of Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, of which the most noticeable is a unique copy of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Altogether, the early printed books in the Library, all of them before A.D. 1500, number about two thousand; while the Aldine Collection, writes Mr. Henry Guppy, one of the librarians, "numbering upwards of eight hundred items, is believed to be the finest in existence, and contains a large number of volumes on vellum, on large paper, and on special paper."<sup>2</sup> For these books a



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

<sup>1</sup> The title is: "Mamusse Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God." The book may also be seen in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, London.

<sup>2</sup> The "Library Association Record," September 1899, p. 569.

## The John Rylands Library, Manchester

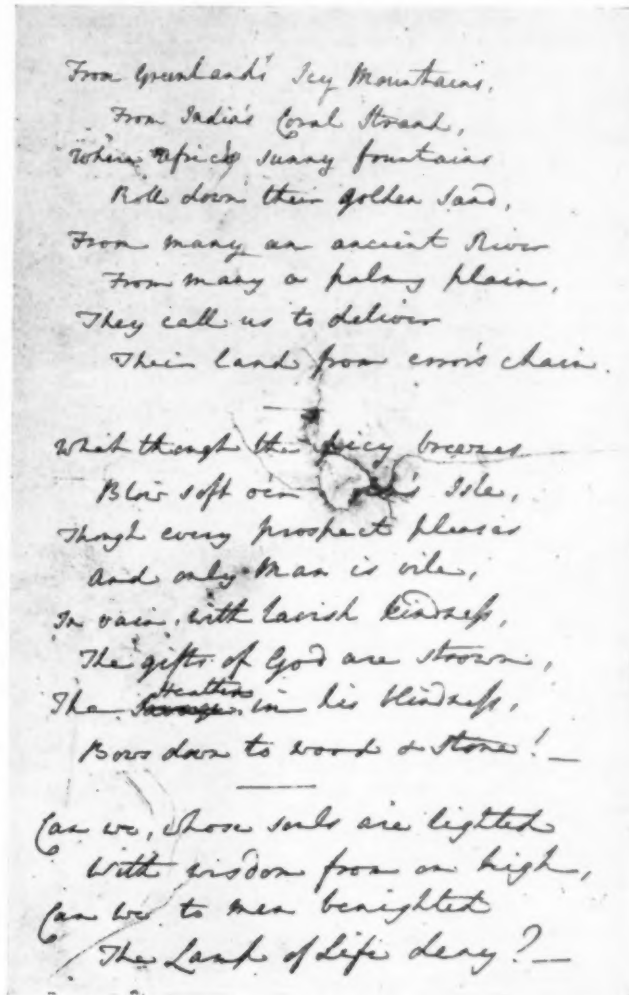
room in the Library gallery has been set apart.

Among the famous books of the Library is the most sumptuous production of the press of Christopher Valdarfer, the great Venetian printer, the "Boccaccio" (1471), the only perfect copy known of the first edition of the "Decameron." The sale of this book in 1812, to the Duke of Marlborough for £2,260, is one of the most romantic stories of "bibliomania." The volume was afterwards acquired by Earl Spencer for £750. Its rarity is explained by the fact that at the call of Savonarola the works of the great Italian novelist were burned as immoral by the zealous followers of the monk: the present copy, hidden away, escaped the flames, and survives, not only as a splendid specimen of early printing, but as a suggestive memorial of the time.

Among other first editions may be mentioned the "Imitatio Christi," printed at Augsburg in 1472; the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," by Ulrich von Hutten and his associates, the copy that belonged to Philip Melanchthon; and, of English literature, the "Book of Common Prayer," 1549; the first four folios of Shakespeare's "Plays"; his "Sonnets," 1609; Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler," 1653; Milton's "Paradise Lost," with the first title-page, 1667; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in two parts, 1678-84; and "Holy War," 1682. The

excessive rarity of Bunyan's volumes is attributed to a different cause from that noted in the case of Boccaccio. The works of our immortal dreamer were not burned, but their very popularity destroyed them. Passing through a multitude of eager hands, they were literally "read to pieces"; and the

very few copies known escaped through being hidden, in dusty seclusion, on the shelves of ancient libraries. Macaulay, indeed, wrote in the first draft of his biography of Bunyan: "Not a single copy of the first edition (of the 'Pilgrim's Progress') is known to be in existence." As a matter



FACSIMILE PAGE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF HEBER'S HYMN

of fact, only one other copy of the second part is known to-day, and that is in the United States. Our readers will be interested in a facsimile from this little volume, one of the choicest treasures in the John Rylands Library.

It would, however, be a great mistake to



## The John Rylands Library, Manchester

regard this Library as chiefly a collection of bibliographical curiosities. These naturally attract the first attention. But beyond them all there is an abundant supply of such books as the student needs, with special stress upon certain departments, such as Theology, Philosophy, and History; but with a comprehensiveness that omits no realm of human thought. The unequalled collection of County Histories, with the arms coloured throughout by hand; the records of Voyage and Travel, Natural History, the Transactions of Learned Societies at home and abroad, with Early English Literature in every department, and Biography down to our own times, make the Library a very treasure-house, even to the general reader. Many of the books are "grangerised," and whatever may be said of the process itself, from a literary point of view it cannot be denied that it provides a quite unique and often valuable method of illustration.<sup>1</sup>

The art of bookbinding is well illustrated in the Library. In the hands of many early masters of the craft, the binder's was really a fine art, with results, often, of consummate skill and great beauty. Such names as that of Jean Grolier, Nicolas and Clovis Eve, Pasdeloup, the two Derômes, and of the Parisian and Florentine binders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are here largely represented; and one case is wholly devoted to the splendid work of the English artist, Roger Payne. By a happy device, again, the best modern bookbinding is exhibited in seventy-four copies of the same book ("King Florus and the Fair Jehane," printed at the Kelmscott Press), bound by bookbinders in different parts of the world, showing their respective styles as well as their highest art. Not only the different countries of Europe and the United States of America have contributed specimens, but Tunis, Algiers and Egypt, Siam, Java, China and Japan, Persia, India and Ceylon, Canada and Australia. The characteristic variety, and often the real beauty of the designs, impart uncommon interest to this miniature exhibition.

Of the manuscripts and autographs

<sup>1</sup> Some of our readers may inquire in what this peculiar process consists. Briefly, it is the collection of portraits, landscapes, and other engravings, with facsimiles of documents, literary extracts, and other documents bearing on the topic of the work, to bind up with the several volumes, which are often extended in this way to far more than their original size. Many books are often thus sacrificed to the supplementing of one. The name is derived from the practice of certain book-lovers in the last century, who thus illustrated Granger's "Biographical History of England."

contained in the Library, only the briefest mention can be made. The oldest manuscripts are probably of the thirteenth century, to which belong, among other treasures, a beautifully illuminated copy of the Gospels in Greek, a Latin Bible with small illuminations, and a collection of quotations from Aristotle with commentary, formerly belonging to Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire. Many breviaries and books of devotion have been brought together from their ancient monastic homes. But what will interest the reader more is Wyclif's New Testament, of which three fine manuscripts belonging to the fifteenth century are contained in the Library, together with a copy of part of the Old Testament. Wyclif's wonderful translation of the Scriptures, we know, was multiplied by copyists—mainly by his "poor preachers"—through all parts of the land; and it is with the deepest interest that we view the very pages on which rested the wondering eyes of many—gentle and simple—from whose newly stirred thoughts and feelings those impulses sprang which in the days of their successors were to ripen into the British Reformation.

The autographs of eminent men and women, from many countries and of many generations, form in themselves an attractive and valuable part of the Library. Of these, a considerable number were obtained from the large and famous collection formed by the late Dr. Raffles of Liverpool. Among these, the original manuscript of Heber's Hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," is sure to attract much attention. It was written, as is well known, at Wrexham, to be sung at a service held on behalf of the S. P. G., at which Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, Heber's father-in-law, officiated, Whitsunday 1819. Dr. Raffles secured the manuscript from the printer's file. We give to our readers, on the preceding page, a reduced facsimile of part of the hymn.

The inauguration of the Library was attended by a large representative assembly, Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford, delivering a masterly address:

"This Library," he said, "will add to the dignity and the fame of this city. It will stand as the creation of the widow of a man who added to the marvellous ability of the merchant a profound admiration of learning and of letters. It stands as a monument of one who lived and made his wealth and fulfilled his duties in our very midst, and it adds another example to the already vast cloud of witnesses who testify to the princely munificence of merchants to literature and art. It is noteworthy that the most famous Library of the ancient world, whose loss was

## The John Rylands Library, Manchester

a permanent impoverishment of the human mind, had its home, not in Athens, the city of culture; not in Rome, the city of empire; but in Alexandria, a city whose kings were merchants, and whose merchants were kings, whose wealth clad the statesmen of Rome, and fed the philosophers of Athens. The mediæval city richest in art and letters and in the genius which excelled in both, was not Rome, or Cologne, or Canterbury, where royal popes and regal archbishops reigned; nor was it Bologna, or Paris, or Oxford, cities of famous universities; but Florence, the city of commerce and of merchants, the home of Dante and of Michael Angelo, of Giotto, of Machiavelli, of Savonarola, and of the de' Medici, a city that did most to bring the East to the West, refining and civilising her barbaric gems and gold. The city that did more than any other Italian community for printing the ancient humanities, the city that made Greece articulate to modern minds, was not imperial Vienna, or kingly Madrid, or royal Paris, but commercial Venice, the city of St. Mark, the famed and fair queen of the Adriatic. And so it is not exceptional, but only historical and normal, that here in Manchester, amid factories and warehouses, within reach of the Exchange and the Town Hall, with the noise of your streets rising round it without being able to disturb its cloistered quiet, the home of one of the greatest collections of art and literary treasures should be built. And it has this additional merit—that it perpetuates the name of a man of princely wealth, whose pride it was to be a modest merchant, a dutiful citizen, and a humble lover of letters."

of Manchester, in grateful and honourable recognition of the boon conferred by her



At the close of the proceedings the Founder of the Library received, in the presence of a large company, the Freedom of the City

wise and large munificence, not only upon that community, but on the readers and students of many generations.

S. G. G.

## Zakharoff's Story

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA" ETC.



NE glorious afternoon in May—it is some years ago—I was sauntering across the Pont du Montblanc in the old city of John Calvin. Geneva has wonderful charm for those who remain long enough in it to know it. But its chief charm that day in my eyes was that it was a place in which one could undisturbedly be idle. The glorious greys and greens of

La Salève, the distant snowy peaks of Savoy, the shimmering expanse of golden lake, the blue Rhone shooting like an arrow under the bridge at your feet, have all an ineffable charm in May, and both stimulate and soothe the jaded worker who has sought the fair city for rest and change.

My arm was suddenly caught from behind, and a friendly voice cried out. "Dear old friend! You in Geneva! Splendid!" I turned round and grasped the extended hand, and looked up into the bronzed, bearded face of my old friend Louis Bourillet.

I had not seen him for five years, and no meeting could have afforded me greater pleasure. How often had I wondered where this errant scholar was! How often had I remembered the affectionate, pure-hearted fellow! We were almost inseparable friends when he was in Russia studying the Slavonic languages and literature, and when he left Russia to study Sanscrit among the Brahmins I felt that life had lost much of its savour and sweetness.

How pleasant it was after the first incoherent greetings were over to hear the tale of his travels and adventures! As we strolled along the shady walks of the Jardin Anglais he told me of his experiences with the Indian pundits; how, sick of travel, he at last returned to France to occupy the chair of comparative philology at his old lyceum; and how, finally, he had been called to Geneva to occupy a similar position in this beautiful old city.

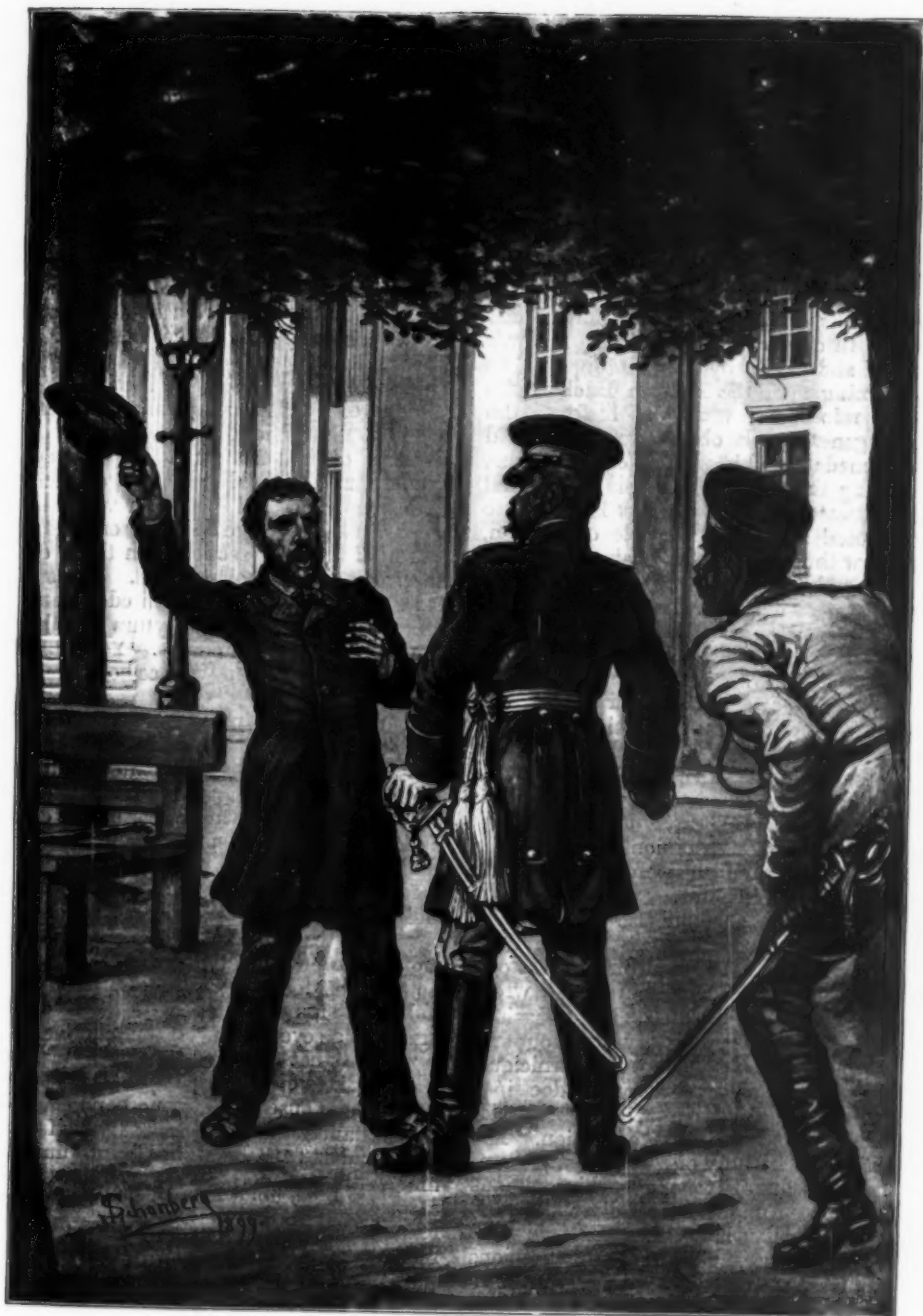
"Yes, dear friend," he said, "I think my travelling days are now over. I have been a worker for thirty years, and now I mean

to enjoy my *otium cum dignitate*. Ah, I'll never forget those years in Russia. Come home with me. I have much to tell you. We'll talk about the Russians, that glorious sad people living in that glorious sad land of theirs."

We threaded our way through the busy narrow streets, up crooked dark passages, across the front of the old cathedral, and entered a stately old-fashioned square of grey stone houses, where a ruinous marble fountain gurgled in the shade of a spreading lime. It was here that Bourillet had his apartments: cool, green rooms behind green shutters, looking out on the splashing fountain, the old lime, and the strangely picturesque and varied fronts of the houses in the square, with their green boxes of brilliant flowers in the windows, their trailing creepers, the half-open green Venetians. Over a corner of the square soared high the truncated tower of the cathedral. It stood firm and clear and beautiful against the azure sky.

"Yes, it's all lovely," said Bourillet, "and so restful. I sit at the window sometimes for an hour at a time. Then I get sentimental and feel like writing poetry. It was at the open window here that I made the acquaintance of a great friend of mine—a Russian. I knew he was a Russian by his features, and spoke to him. He visits me twice a week. He'll be here to-morrow; yes, to-morrow will be Friday. Shall I tell you his story? It won't take long, and it will interest you and help to fill up the time until Madame Cazotte comes with the tea. Sit here, where you will better see my beautiful tower, and hear the silvery music of my fountain.

"The Russian's name is Fedor Zakharoff; he has not changed it. He is an elderly man now, and as he has been ten years in Switzerland his French is nearly perfect. He is stooped and meagre, with thin grey hair and beard. He is slightly lame, walks as though dragging a heavy weight with his feet, and his right arm is paralysed. That is how he looks from the outside. His mind is no longer what it was. I fear that its strength is perhaps gone, but you can tell from the ruins what the building once



" ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE "

## Zakharoff's Story

was. He is gentle as a child when addressed on neutral subjects. When Russia is mentioned there is a gleam in his eye and a hard look about the mouth which are dreadful.

"Fifteen years ago he was teacher or professor of modern history in one of the gymnasiums or high schools of Moscow. He was a young man of great promise and high hopes. His career at the St. Petersburg University had been most distinguished, and before he was thirty his influence as a teacher and writer had begun to be felt in educated and enlightened circles throughout the empire. He was praised and petted by the 'Intelligentsi' as the coming man, the Russian Buckle, who would reform the writing of history, who would generalise the observations which had been made by historical scholars, who, despising the old popular opinions, would demonstrate how every event is linked to its antecedent by an inevitable connection, and how thus a necessary chain is formed, certain and fixed. Inevitableness was the cardinal doctrine which he preached.

"But there were others who were likewise following Zakharoff's career and the development of his philosophy of history with not less attention. Your Buckle is a stumbling-block to the Russian reactionaries. His work is on their 'Index Expurgatorius,' and what he stands for is hateful to them. In an article in a leading magazine Zakharoff gave utterance to a perfectly harmless opinion, an opinion which at worst inadequately expresses the whole truth. He wrote, 'the chief object of the legislator is to devise measures to protect the innocent against the guilty.' This sentence was fastened on by some one in authority in St. Petersburg, who wrote to the Rector of Zakharoff's gymnasium that the professor of history gave countenance to doctrines which were pernicious, misleading, and revolutionary—doctrines which could not be tolerated in an official of the Russian ministry of education. The rector was a friendly old fossil, and recommended Zakharoff to change his opinions at once or it might fare badly with him. Zakharoff only laughed. He did not dream of danger, and, besides, his opinions were his own, and could not be set aside so easily as the rector thought.

"Had Zakharoff been a wise man he would have ceased his activity as a publicist, and confined himself to teaching his classes the history of Peter the Great, and the

progress of the Russian arms against Turkey, and Poland and France; but he was not wise. He wrote an article on the theory of government for his friend the St. Petersburg editor. The ideal government, he said, was that which guaranteed the greatest security for the lives and property of the community compatible with the absolute individual liberty of each of its members. It was not a new theory; it is Rousseau's ideal retouched. But it startled the editor, and he feared to publish it until it had been laid before the censor. The censor said it was rank Communism, refused to sanction publication, and noted the name of the author.

"Then began the catastrophe. The Minister of Education, to whom the censor had sent the article, ordered the instant dismissal of Zakharoff from his post in the gymnasium, and Zakharoff received a letter from the prefect of police in which this dreaded official desired his presence at the bureau of the third section. In those days Zakharoff was a choleric man. His spirit had not been broken. It required a martyrdom of more than fifteen years to subdue him to his present tameness. You will see him to-morrow. You will see how tame he is now.

"He went to the police bureau, and there was an angry altercation between him and the prefect. The prefect called him an upsetter of the existing order, a dangerous member of society who must be watched. Zakharoff called the prefect a tyrant, the minister of an iniquitous system for the shackling of the human mind. The prefect, indignant that any rejoinder at all should be made to his charges, ordered a subordinate to push Zakharoff out of the room. As this was done with unnecessary violence Zakharoff remonstrated, and received for his pains a severe blow on the mouth.

"From that moment he was a marked man. His steps were dogged about the city, the houses he visited noted, his acquaintances warned. Those who feared the friendship of the ruined man shunned him as they would a plague. A few, only a few, remained faithful, and were proud to be reckoned among the intimates of a man whom they believed to be an intellectual giant. Every fresh step taken against his peace and his liberty embittered Zakharoff more and more. Cut off from friends, unable to see any way by which he could earn his livelihood, shadowed by the secret police, he went about like one distracted.



## Zakharoff's Story

You and I, dear friend, know how it was with him. His mind had become affected. They had handled his fine super-sensitive nature with the same brutality which they applied to their pachydermatous *mujiks*; they had run their coarse fingers over fine tense wires, and the wires snapped.

"Zakharoff was firmly persuaded that the *fons et origo* of all his troubles was the governor of the city, a hard, fanatical man of Cossack parentage. I suppose he was right. These governors have their instructions from St. Petersburg, and outside the limits of these instructions their power is absolute. I have no doubt that he was the instigator of the malicious persecution which had driven our friend to desperation. In an evil moment Zakharoff made up his mind to show the governor his contempt for him. He took counsel with no one. He was not of those who nourish plans of vengeance. To carry out an act of personal violence against the governor or against anyone else never entered his mind. He told me so, and I believe him.

"He was sitting one day on one of the seats along the boulevard, brooding, as always, over his wrongs. He was haggard, wan, hollow-eyed. He had insufficient nourishment, he suffered from insomnia, and no wonder. It was early morning and no one was about. But he sat and waited, and there was a feverish look in his eyes. It was along this boulevard that the governor took his early morning walks. In happier days Zakharoff had noticed the tall gaunt figure of his Excellency as he strode along attended by two gendarmes.

"He had not long to wait. The governor, in his general's dress, and with his guard in close attendance, appeared and approached.

"Suddenly Zakharoff sprang from his seat and stood in the middle of the road facing the governor. The governor approached yet nearer, and seeing that wild-looking figure in the path turned round to give some order to the gendarmes. Zakharoff advanced to meet them. He has told me several times that he had made no plans. Violence, of course, was out of the question. In fact, he had left his stick on the seat. But as he got quite close and saw the grim visage of the general, and heard the command of the gendarmes to leave the centre of the path, the 'Demon of Comedy,' as he expressed it, seized hold of him. He stopped suddenly, tore off his hat, threw it to one side, and in strident tones he began to sing. What did he sing? He sang two

lines only. He yelled rather than sang them:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

"We Frenchmen have almost sacred thoughts when we hear the noble strains of that marvellous melody. In a Russian governor's ears they must bring blasts from Hades.

"The words were hardly uttered before the gendarmes had pounced on poor demented Zakharoff, who was shaking with laughter, whose eyes were streaming tears.

"The rest is soon told. He was tried for violently assaulting the governor. His stick was produced in evidence; so was his hat, which the gendarmes swore had been flung in his Excellency's face.

"Convicted? Of course he was. His former ill-deeds as a writer were arrayed against him; so was his essay on the theory of government; so was his struggle at the bureau of the third section; so was his association with suspected members of the 'Intelligentsi.' He was sentenced to five years among the criminals in the Siberian mines, and to a further term of fifteen years' exile in one of the most distant districts of that ominous country.

"My friend, it was terrible. I have never had a clear story about his escape. Every time I ask for details I hear a different account. His memory is gone regarding some of the events which happened, and altogether unreliable as to others. But now you know why he drags his feet so heavily, and perhaps you can guess why his right arm is paralysed. Oh, here is Madame Cazotte with the tea. Draw your chair to the table."

Of course I was curious to see the man whose pathetic story I had heard, so punctually at the appointed time I was sitting in my friend Bourillet's rooms. We half-closed the shutters against the hot sunshine flooding the square outside. Bourillet was bubbling over with his experiences in India. They were nearly all amusing. He laughed heartily, but I could not join sincerely in his mirth, for I was thinking of Fedor Zakharoff and waiting for his appearance. I felt annoyed that Bourillet should be so frivolous, and welcomed as a distraction the first notes of a hand organ which ascended to us from the square below.

## Zakharoff's Story

I lay back in my chair and listened. Bourillet did the same. It was not a good organ, and it was most irregularly played; but I found no fault, neither did Bourillet. It was a valse from the "Bettel-Student," a light, frivolous, and jingling thing which has been popular in the streets for years. Then there was a pause and the organ began again. This time it was a wild Polish mazurka by Hadyadi, which I have heard in the public gardens at Warsaw, music which made the Polish girls who heard it raise their heads high, which made their great eyes glisten. Bourillet was resting with his head on his hands, but as the mazurka ceased he sat erect in an attitude so tense and expectant as to instantly attract my attention.

It was the "Marseillaise." Bourillet sat staring at the half-darkened window, and as I watched him some glimmering of the truth was revealed to me. Bourillet rose, walked swiftly to the window, threw it open and beckoned to me. I stood by

his side, and he pointed to the organ-grinder.

A tall, gaunt man with grizzled hair was standing bare-headed in the blistering sun, his hat on the top of his instrument. He turned the handle with his left hand—his right hung motionless by his side.

When he saw Bourillet at the window he threw back his head, and my heart was filled with pity as I saw the half-frenzied look in his eyes. He had finished the first verse and paused before beginning the chorus. Then tossing back his long thin hair he raised his voice:

"Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchez! marchez!  
Tra la la la la, tra la, la, la."

He ceased, made a profound bow, and held up his hat, into which Bourillet dropped a two-franc piece.

"That's Zakharoff," whispered Bourillet. "Come away from the window."



**M**ANY and very varied are the superstitions that have gathered around our Christmas festival.

In olden time there was a beautiful notion which represented the cock as crowing all night long on Christmas night, and by its vigilance dispelling every kind of malignant influence. One of our master poets refers to this notion in the following graphic lines:

"Some say that over against that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

A very old hymn by St. Ambrose, and at one time used in the Salisbury service, mentions the same superstition thus:

"The cock that is the trumpet of the morn,  
Doth with his loud and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day, and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his  
confine."

The cock is not the only member of the animal creation that is said to do honour to Christmas. In Monmouthshire there

## Christmas Superstitions

existed a superstition that, every Christmas morning, and only then, a large salmon exhibited himself in the river, permitting himself to be handled and taken up, and no one thought of capturing him. To have done so would have been the height of impiety. It therefore could not be this fish of which Carew sang:

"Lastly the salmon, king of fish,  
Fills with good cheer the Christmas dish."

Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," tells how that, on Christmas Eve, he met an Indian, during beautiful moonlight, creeping cautiously along, beckoning him to silence, and saying, "Me watch to see the deer kneel. This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the great Spirit and look up."

A similar belief obtained in this country. At midnight, the moment Christmas Day came in, it was thought that all the cattle fell to their knees, as the legend says was done by the oxen around the manger in Bethlehem at the time of the Nativity. To look upon them, or to seek to find them in this attitude, was regarded as a sin.

The cutting and home-bringing of the Yule log was a great event in the Christmas of long ago, and it was the custom to preserve the last year's log, half burned, because tradition said no evil would visit the home where the Yule log never went out. The poet Herrick mentions this superstition in the lines:

"With last year's brand  
Light the new block, and  
For good success in his spending  
On your psalteries play  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the log is tending."

In many parts of England orchards used to be invaded by large crowds, who danced around the apple-trees, chanting the following refrain: "God bless this tree to the use of master. May it flourish and bring forth abundantly, enough to fill basket, lap, cart, and waggon." This ceremony was thought to have a peculiar charm on the tree, and is still performed in some country districts, when the refrain is usually:

"Bear blue, apples and pears enow,  
Barnfuls, bagfuls, sackfuls,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

A similar custom prevailed in various other countries, and at Chailey, in Sussex,

where cider was thrown over the trees, and guns and pistols were fired as the women and girls danced, the chorus sung at this "wassailing of the apple-trees" was:

"Stand fast root, bear well top,  
Pray that God send us a good howling crop.  
Every twig, apples big;  
Every bough, apples enow.  
Hatfuls, capfuls;  
Full quarteres, sacks full."

In many parts of Scotland, "sowans" used to be prepared before daybreak on Christmas morning. At the first stroke of dawn, the household assembled and supped the sowans amid much merry-making. This observance was understood to bring good health and good luck to the family and the home.

In other districts, a certain kind of bannock was baked on Christmas Eve. If, during the process of firing, the good wife happened to break one of these, it was regarded as certain that she would not live to see another Christmas.

A favourite Christmas dish used to be made out of the head and knee joints of a bullock. When on the fire, a gold ring was dropped into the boiling pot by the cook, it being understood that the lad or lass who was fortunate enough to secure the ring would be first married.

The mistletoe, which still figures so prominently in Christmas festivals, was regarded with the utmost veneration. Small portions used to be distributed among the people, by whom it was worn as an amulet, and magical potions were prepared from its berries.

Belief in the magical powers of the plant lingered long in this and other lands. For generations it was known as the "Spectre's Wand," from the superstition that, holding a bunch of mistletoe in the hand would not only enable a man to see ghosts, but would force them to speak to him. It was also supposed that a hunter would be successful if he carried a bunch of the plant in his hand, and it was frequently used as a charm in the case of wounds and certain diseases.

A writer tells of a judgment falling upon a number of men who had, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the daring to take mistletoe from an oak to sell to the London apothecaries. One man "fell ill shortly after, and each of them lost an eye," and other calamities overtook them, so that "none dared to imitate their example."

## Christmas Superstitions

The well-known custom of hanging up mistletoe so that maids might be kissed under it, arose from the belief that she who was not kissed beneath the white-berried plant would not be married that year.

An old writer mentions another love superstition which used to be believed in by girls, and practised, for the purpose of ascertaining who their future partners would be. They peeled a "St. Thomas' onion," wrapped it up in a clean handkerchief, and then placed it under their pillow, while they repeated the following lines :

"Good St. Thomas, do me right,  
And see my true love come to-night :  
That I may see him in the face,  
And him in my kind arms embrace."

One of the most popular superstitions in this country was that every remnant of Christmas decorations must be removed before Candlemas Day. Should a sprig of holly or other evergreen be left in the house, it was thought that one of the occupants would be sure to die within the year.

A pretty custom prevailed in this country at one time, as it still does in some parts of the South of Ireland, Germany, Austria, Norway, and Sweden—namely, that of placing lighted candles in the window and keeping them burning through the night, so that the Christ-child might not stumble in passing the home.

G. McROBERT.



## A Female Hermit of the South Pacific

THE following note by the late Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., LL.D., was read before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science. "The island Atiu, in the Hervey Group, is famous for its caverns, the largest of which is called Anataketake. To enter this vast temple of Nature it is necessary to descend about 20 ft. through a chasm in the rocks, at the bottom of which are several majestic openings. Innumerable small birds breed in this cave. With the aid of flambeaux, it is possible to travel a mile underground amid its almost interminable windings. Water continually drips from the arched roof, which is from 10 ft. to 15 ft. thick, and is supported by superb columns of stalactite. From the glittering floor, which presents a wavy appearance, rise less attractive stalagmites. The fretwork ceiling sparkling in the light of torches is a sight never to be forgotten. A lake abounding in eels and shrimps occupies the centre. The story of the discovery of the Cave Anataketake is very romantic. A woman named Inutoto, being cruelly beaten by her husband, wished effectually to hide herself away. In looking about for a place of concealment she came upon this wonderful cavern, and lived there in utter solitude for many years. She found no difficulty in sustaining life. Her now repentant husband sought for her in vain, and then mourned for her as dead. Eventually a man in chase of a bird—the woodpecker—discovered the cave, and then the hermit, who was thus restored to her husband, Paroro. Her song, composed in the cave, has been carefully handed down by tradition. I subjoin a translation.

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"My person is sacred, very sacred.  
Awake some favouring breeze;  
I am sorrowing for my husband.

Oh, for a steady breeze,  
Directed by the gods!  
Great is the misery of her  
Who counts her widowed moons!

In all thy night  
Awake thou favouring wind;  
Yes; awake thou favouring wind;  
Some easterly breeze;

So that Paroro may come,  
And be re-united to the wife  
Who is sorrowing for her husband.

Oh, for a steady breeze,  
Directed by the gods!  
Great is the misery of her  
Who counts her widowed moons!

May my chief be famous!  
May his rule be prosperous!  
Aye; may he prosper.  
Stand thou on ocean's burning strand,  
Thou lord of Inutoto,—  
Of her who once was crowned,  
But is now sorrowing for her husband.

"Her husband Paroro was a renowned chief. The crown referred to in this stanza was made of parrakeet feathers. Paroro is imagined to be on a visit to Mitiaro or Mauke, lying to the east of Atiu. Strangely enough, there is no reference to the surroundings of the hermit. It is impossible to fix a date for this song; it was, most probably, as the natives of Atiu assert, composed many generations ago."

## Games and Pastimes

BY E. RENTOUL ESLEB, AUTHOR OF "MID GREEN PASTURES," "A MAID OF THE MANSE," ETC.



**C**HILDREN are forgetting how to play. To realise this one has only to remember that between eight and nine hundred games enter into the social history of Merrie England, and then watch the pupils of a Board school in recreation time, with their disjointed efforts at amusements, their unrelated racings and shoutings, their perfunctory attempts at leap-frog and kindred sports.

Football is very popular in boys' schools, and to be a successful cricketer is to attain the pinnacle of fame, but the village pastimes, the rhymings and rompings which were organised for children, and continued to maturity, are fast becoming obsolete. This is doubtless an inevitable result of modern developments, of the centralisation of town life and the waning prosperity of country districts. In towns there is time for play, but there is little room. Boys find space for peg-tops and marbles, but these are not held available for girls, who, if they do not sit down to eat their lunch or chat in the recess, find fun in small infringements of the rights of others. There is no person to direct the occupations of this period, and the children are as helpless in evolving pastimes for themselves as they would be if given a book in a foreign tongue and told to read it. Anything done in the direction of teaching the art of play is due to the goodwill of amateurs, young ladies having inaugurated, in Bermondsey and other poor districts of London, corps of volunteers who visit Board-school playgrounds during recess, and endeavour to impart to the children a knowledge of active pastimes. It is to be hoped that this excellent work will be widely extended,

until the play teacher becomes a regular member of the educational staff.

I remember seeing a Board-school girl of twelve set to play with two little children during a day's absence of their nurse. She was given every facility for amusing them, in the shape of toys, balls, battledore and shuttlecock, and a spacious and unconventional garden, but, though anxious to acquit herself creditably, and to earn the shilling she had been promised for her day's services, she could think of no means of diverting her protégés save by making faces at them. Naturally, this method did not prove popular. When she was sent home in disgrace in the afternoon, a friend came as a substitute. This little girl of about the same age had learned to draw, and by means of her art was able to render herself quite an acquisition; apart from this, she would probably have been as much at a loss as her predecessor.

Girls unversed in the art of play, when they become mothers in their turn, cannot transmit what they do not know, hence the dull lives of many children of the poor, their occasional trend towards mischief from sheer idle-mindedness. In the past summer I gave four excursion tickets for a day at the seaside to a man and woman and two children of the working class. I learned afterwards that the grown-ups took a yacht trip together, leaving the children, boy and girl, to play on the beach till their return. But the latter had not acquired the art of play, and they could not perform a miracle of evolution under unfamiliar conditions. They simply sat on the sand, holding their lunch basket between them, till the return of their seniors between two and three hours later. Doubtless, the spectacle of the sea and the myriads of children adjacent to it was sufficiently interesting, but the thought of those forlorn, immovable little spectators of the enjoyment of others is not without pathos.

Play is one of the children's rights, and knowledge of the art of play becomes ultimately a parental privilege.



## Games and Pastimes

The two most successful and popular children's nurses I ever knew could neither read nor write, but they were perfect Grimms in the matter of legendary lore, and walking dictionaries of fireside sport. They took pleasure in the games they taught and the stories they told, and that is an important point to indicate; both were mature women, and yet both thoroughly enjoyed "Barney and Johnnie" and "Dingle Dosy," and unless when under the observation of scornful mature eyes, were willing to hop the strenuous measure of "Shoo! the Lily Cock." They possessed the natural faculty of drama to a striking degree, and became for the moment the characters they spoke of, when discussing the adventures of those immortal and immoral persons, Puss in Boots and Jack of the Bean-stalk.

In the presence of older people, the frolic spirit of these adventures waned. Many years later, I sought to hear again the stirring chronicles of Pretty Peggy and of the Golden Parrot, whose adviser was a bunch of speaking leaves, but the lips that had discoursed of them so gaily fifteen years before only smiled deprecatingly, and said, "It's not fool tales like them I'd be afther tellin'; maybe they're good enough to amuse bits of childher wid, but that's all." And yet to have amused the bits of childher is to have rendered a service that is remembered affectionately to-day when the grass is green over that capital playfellow, and the childher's heads are being touched to silver by Time's cold finger.

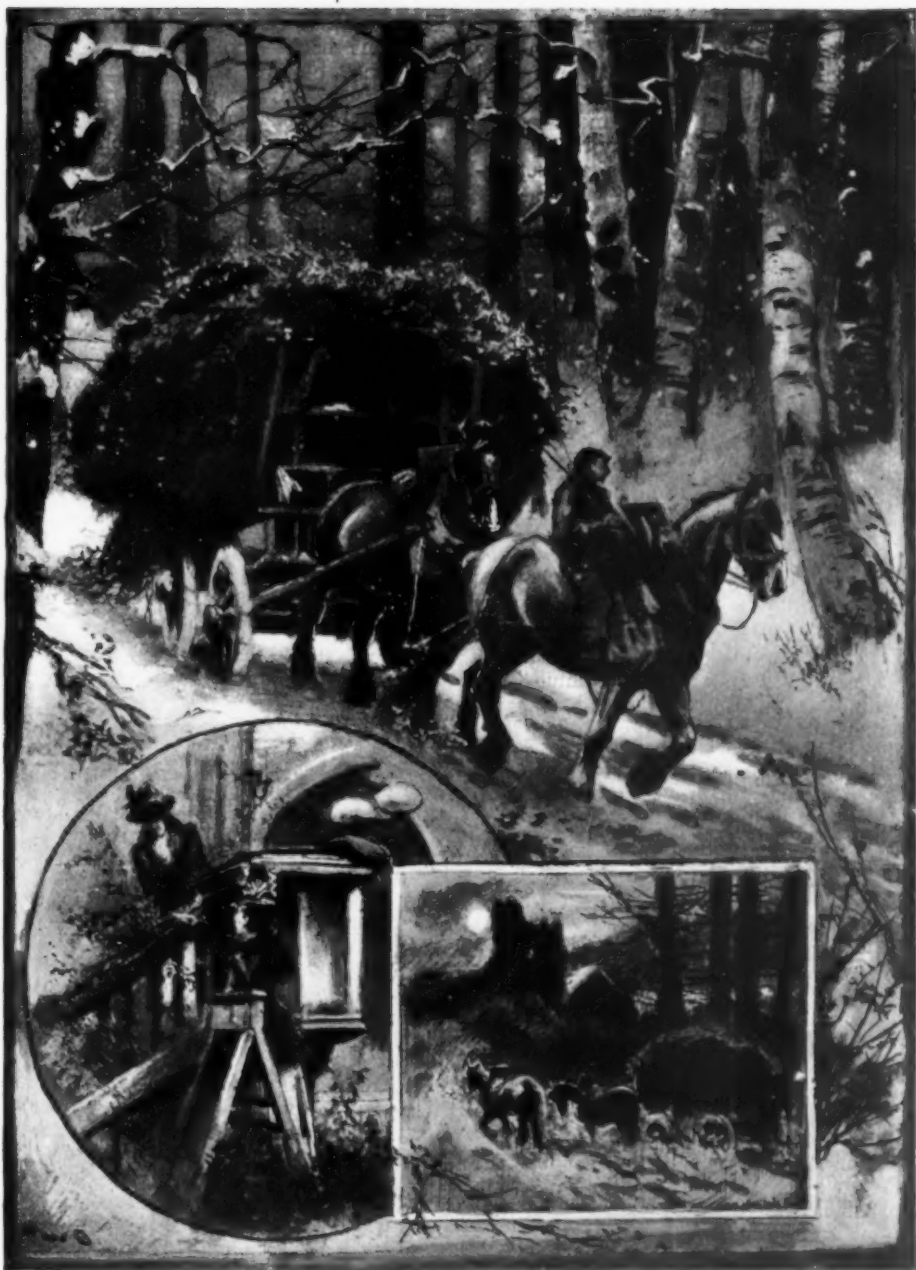
No modern invention can surpass some of the games which the race has enjoyed for centuries. I have seen the game of "Fox and Geese" played between a long-armed maiden of sixteen, with a perfect comet's tail of younger children behind her, and an active boy of fourteen, with an interest and delight in the contest that, through a vista of years, awakens an irresistible laugh of sympathy. The origin of the game lies in the mists of remote ages. Doubtless Anglo-Saxon children played it when foxes were frequent intruders in the farmyard, probably the children of Nineveh and Babylon had its equivalent. The game can only be played to perfection by those familiar with it. Two experts can introduce much drama into the opening scene.

The essentials to a successful game are plenty of space, whether in a large loft or out of doors, and no best clothes such as will suffer from the intense grasp of clutching hands. The merits of "Fox and Geese"

are that it can include a large party of all ages, though six is young enough, and sixty perhaps a little too old; that it is equally enjoyed by both sexes; and that the entire brood in charge of Mother Goose are equally important, individually, and become in turn equally prominent. To a corner of the playground enters the fox, looking as furtive and evil-minded as the young dramatist can depict him. By scanning the horizon, snuffing the wind, or sharpening his claws, he can convey to the spectators a conception of his fell intentions. To him approaches Mother Goose, with a benevolent aspect of family pride and an obvious indifference to everyday cares that is creditable, in view of the fact that eighteen or twenty of her brood cling to her by the simple method of holding, first her and then each other, round the waists. Observing the fox, Mother Goose says with cheery contempt, "Good-morning, Mr. Fox. May I ask what you are after?" (An English player would probably say "what you want?") The fox replies, with typical suavity, that he is taking a walk to improve his appetite. "Then you have a meal in prospect?" says Mother Goose. The fox replies unctuously that he means to breakfast off a goose. Mrs. Goose inquires where this luckless bird will be found, to which the enemy replies "One of yours will do." He then makes a rush towards the end of the line, whereupon a lively scene ensues. The fox does not touch Mother Goose, nor must he touch any of her brood save the last in the train. As the line wavers and serpentine to keep its end out of his way, while Mother Goose meets him with outstretched wings wherever he turns, the fun becomes fast and furious. The game continues until each of the brood has been successively caught, or the fox confesses his willingness to retire discomfited.

Children too young for the rough and tumble of this game derive great enjoyment from "Frog in the Middle" and "Thread the Needle." In the first game, one child sits in the middle of the ring, while the others take hands and dance round her, singing, "Frog in the middle, she dare not catch me." To seize the drapery of one of the whirling figures without rising, is only difficult where the circle is so large as to be out of reach; then the frog rolls, turns and stretches without rising, until her fingers close on the frock of somebody, who becomes frog in turn.

Little children will enjoy marching to the



*Drawn by F. W. Burton]*

" WITH TREMBLING FINGERS DID WE WEAVE  
THE HOLLY ROUND THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH."

TENNYSON : *In Memoriam.*

## Games and Pastimes

lilt of "Barney and Johnnie" for a surprisingly long time; the chief advantage of this pastime is that two or twenty can play at it. The children put their hands behind them, the left hand of one clasping the left hand of the other, their right hands crossing these and clasping also. They then set off to march together, keeping step, and repeating the following rhyme:

"Barney and Johnnie, all dressed in black,  
Buckles and swords behind their back;  
Foot for foot, knee for knee,  
Turn about Johnnie and compane."

When singing "Turn about Johnnie" the players, without loosing the clasp of their hands, reverse the position of these, so that the under-arms become contracted and the over-arms lengthened; this enables them to turn without turning round each other. As the children march, they doubtless dream vague dreams of military enterprise. Halliwell, in his "Nursery Rhymes," gives the names as Darby and Joan, but owing to the mutual wear of swords and buckles, I venture to think that Joan is a corruption of the male name. I certainly never heard Joan given in this connection, though the partnership of "Barney and Johnnie" was familiar to my earliest years, and conveyed the idea to my infant mind that it symbolised a long past alliance between the French and English, or Irish, when these fought together against a mutual foe. I cannot say whence I gathered the impression, probably from the fact that "frog-eating Johnnie" was a nursery synonym for a Frenchman, just as Barney stood next to Patrick as the sobriquet of the typical Irishman. The rhyme might equally well have symbolised an alliance between Barney and John Bull.

Mrs. Gomme's recently published book, "Traditional Games,"<sup>1</sup> intended as a contribution to the invaluable "Dictionary of Folk-Lore" which she and her husband are compiling, has afforded me many hours of delight, by recalling half-forgotten early pastimes, and introducing me to scores of others which I had not known. Were space available, I should like to indicate the extent and aim of this work, which embodies, in the shape of children's rhymes and plays, pictures of the usages martial, commercial, and matrimonial of generations long since passed away, and which for this reason will prove a very mine

of wealth to historian and philologist. The possessor of a practical acquaintance with this book should become a perfect treasure at children's parties, and an indispensable mistress of ceremonies at school treats and holiday outings.

Everyone has observed that children are without invention, that they merely imitate what goes on around them; their first pastimes are to copy their parents: father's reading of the newspaper, mother's making of the tea; a little later they go further, give parties, pay calls, or preach or practise medicine, or are postmen or policemen; later still, they reproduce what they have read or heard, and are engine-drivers or Red Indians, or distinguished warriors. But it is all repetition, with the personal equation added. For this reason it is certain that the games which became national, reproduced in a recognisable way what the children were familiar with.

In one small particular Mrs. Gomme's version of "Thread the Needle" differs from that known to me, and that divergence is not devoid of interest. The game is played as follows.

The children take hands and form a long line. The child at one end goes to that at the other and asks, according to Mrs. Gomme, "How many miles to Babylon?" The other end child replies "Three score and ten."

"Can I be there by candlelight?"

"Yes, and back again."

Encouraged by this prospect of quick transit, the first child says:

"Then open your gates as wide as wide,  
To let the king through with his bride."

The child addressed then raises the hand her neighbour is holding, so that the raised hands form an arch. Under this the children run in line, the end players, who formed the arch, going under it themselves, and turning without loosing hands. The programme is then gone through the reverse way, the same questions and answers being asked and given.

Now the first question as I heard it was "How many miles to Baronscourt?"

In view of Mrs. Gomme's contention that the game dates from the period of the Crusades, when the names Babylon, Jerusalem, Hebron were in frequent use, the Baronscourt version is probably due to the fact that the seat of the Dukes of Abercorn, which bears this name, is within driving

<sup>1</sup> "Dictionary of British Folk-Lore," Part I. (D. Nutt.)  
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## Games and Pastimes

distance of the village in which I saw the game played, and that the similarity of the words Babylon and Baronscourt induced the substitution of the familiar local name for the remote and unfamiliar one.

The marriage and kissing games, which occupy a large section of Mrs. Gomme's book, are of intense interest to the student of manners and customs; but in the playground, it would be inadvisable to revive them. Ideas of sex relations enter early enough into human history, and complicate life sufficiently; they should not be introduced untimely among children. Nothing is more subversive of the *camaraderie* and good fellowship natural between boys and girls, if left to themselves, than an idea of racial divergence, apartness, hostility, or fraternal superiority or inferiority. If left unspoiled by the foolish suggestions of their seniors, young boys and girls would never dream of embracing each other any more than brothers and sisters would.

The marriage games indicate three successive stages of civilisation: first, that in which freebooters or outlaws effected the acquisition of wives by force, as in the case of the early Romans and the Sabine women; second, the period of marriage by purchase, when the suitor paid the girl's parents what they considered an equivalent for her services, and she became his chattel property; third, that in which the girl was consulted regarding her own destiny, and the state of her exchequer was investigated.

The first of these games involved a contest and a parley between the suitor and his friends on one side, and the bride and her friends on the other, then a struggle, finally a tug of war, in which the girl was taken captive, and there was an end. Admiration was not proffered, affection was not indicated. In the other two kinds of games, the suitors approached with some pomp and some semblance of courtesy, there was considerable palaver on both sides

before the negotiating parties came to terms, then the chief players kissed each other, and the rest of the company danced round them singing "Now you are married, we wish you joy."

In the "Oats and Beans and Barley" game, an interesting detail is that it is the bridegroom who is thus addressed:

"Now you are married you must obey,  
You must be true in all you say;  
You must be kind, you must be good,  
And help your wife to chop the wood."

In all enjoyable pastimes, there are two main essentials—first exercise, then emulation. The old "country dance," whose name *contredanse* indicated that the performers occupied opposite sides of the room, had in it every element of excellence: social intercourse, the usage of good manners, cultivated grace of movement, and indispensable good health. But the abuse of good things has always led to their abolition, and a frivolous age brought not only dancing, but all pastimes and physical exercises, into disrepute. John Bunyan reproached himself so bitterly for having indulged in the game of tip-cat, that his commentators long believed that the game involved cruelty to a living grimalkin.

The vitiated taste and false refinements of later generations substituted the waltz for the old country dance, which was relegated to rural districts, and the ball-room became an abomination to many. Rustics dance little to-day: probably their hearts are too heavy. Should some of the various suggestions, now and then offered, for improving the condition of the oppressed agriculturist, who cannot meet the competition of foreign skies and the virgin soil of other lands and live, prove acceptable and effectual, then country hearts will grow glad once more, village sports will revive, and the children of the poor will again learn how to play.



# Thomas Pringle

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY

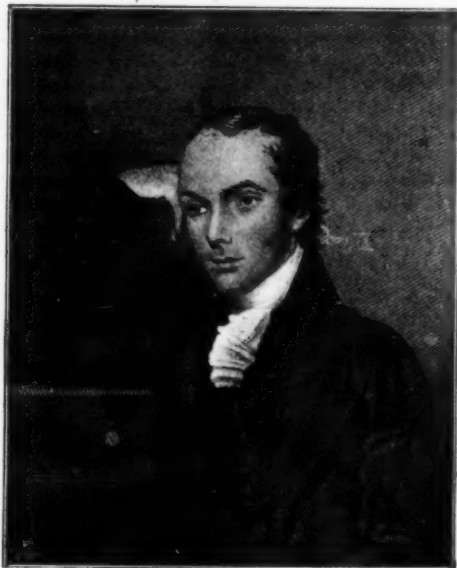


**E**ARLY in the morning of May 16, 1820, there was borne ashore, "high and dry" on the shoulders of two stalwart Highlanders of the 72nd regiment, from the Captain's gig of the *Brilliant*—then lying at anchor in Algoa Bay—a young Scotsman who must have attracted considerable attention the moment he stood on solid land, and who was destined to win some fame in the Cape Colony. "The beach was all alive with bustle and confusion, and the boisterous hilarity of people who felt their feet on firm ground for the first time after a wearisome voyage. Bands of men and women were walking up and down, conversing and laughing, their children gambolling around them, and raising ever and anon their shrill voices in exclamations of pleasure and surprise, as some novel object excited their attention. Other groups were watching their luggage as it was carried from the boats and piled in heaps upon the sand; or were helping to load the waggons appointed to convey it to the settlers' camp. Barge-men and soldiers were shouting to each other across the surf. Tall Dutch-African Boers, with broad-brimmed white hats, and huge tobacco-pipes in their mouths, were bawling in Colonial Dutch. Whips were smacking, bullocks bellowing, waggons creaking, and the half-naked Hottentots, who led the long teams of draught oxen, were running and hallooing, and waving their long, lank, swarthy arms in front of their horned followers, like so many mad dervishes."

The painter of this picture was the then latest arrival, Thomas Pringle, whose presence doubtless provoked more than one question from those who crowded round him. He was not in appearance the ideal pioneer. Slender of frame, and dressed probably in superfine broadcloth—as he

came the head of a Settler Party, and one about to interview the Deputy-Quarter-master-General entrusted with the disembarkation, he was every inch a gentleman; while his finely chiselled features, large lustrous eyes, high and well-modelled brow, and soft white hand, evidenced a man of genius who had pursued some gentler calling than following the plough-tail. Not a step could he take without the assistance of a pair of crutches, and the ease with which he used the awkward helps, as well as the way in which a leg dislocated at the hip was carried, showed clearly that for many years he had been unable to stand upon his feet. "Boers, Blacks, and British" must all have wondered that so gentle and so frail-looking a man should have obtained an emigrant's passage, and been curious to learn what sought *he* thus afar.

The purpose of this paper is to relate briefly what Mr. Pringle did in and for South Africa; but it is necessary first, and with even greater brevity, to relate his earlier



THOMAS PRINGLE



life, to show what position he made for himself in Scotland, and explain why he went to South Africa. He was born in the year 1789 at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale.

"Sweet Teviot! by adventurous Leyden sung,  
And famed by mighty Scott in deathless lays."

His father was a small farmer, of calm steady respectability of character, which distinguished a class of men who have long been the boast of Scotland. Thomas was the third



CRADOCK PASS IN THE TIME OF THE TREK

(From an old engraving)



child, and a remarkably healthy infant, but when only a few months old, through the carelessness of his nurse, he fell and dislocated his hip. This accident having been concealed for some time, his earliest memory was that of being tormented by the doctors to remedy this disaster. But the red morocco boot and the steel bandages had soon to be superseded by crutches, which were used to the day of his death. This lameness relieved him from farm labour, and books became his constant companions,

though he soon learnt to make a fishing-rod of his crutch, and to work with mechanical tools. At the age of seventeen he entered Edinburgh University, and though he did not there make a brilliant figure, he cultivated studious habits, and became much more conversant with English poetry and criticism than students generally are. The vacations he spent in many a pilgrimage to classical spots in Teviotdale; lame as he was, he had a passion for climbing hills, his greatest delight being to sit on the top of Hounam-law, whence he could command wide prospects of the traditionary country, the legends of which he lovingly treasured. Two years later, having to choose some occupation, Mr. Pringle made the great error of his life by rejecting the claims of law and medicine, having too great a confidence in the profitableness of literature. For the pay he entered the Edinburgh Public Records office, and spent his days in the repugnant, because almost mechanical, work of copying old State papers. But after

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the day's routine he allowed himself a brief interval of repose, and then—like a giant refreshed—trimmed his lamp, and far into the night read or wrote poetry and prose.

After three years of such occupation Pringle and an unknown friend published a poem entitled "The Institute," of which nothing but the title remains, and the record that it secured for the authors more empty praise than solid pudding. The poetic fire was, however, not quenched in Thomas Pringle, for in the same year (1811) he wrote the earliest poem we now have of his, "The Autumn Excursion"—a poetic epistle to a friend, which contains several hundred lines and is descriptive of the country-side in which he had lived. It shows how closely he observed nature, and how beautifully he could describe what he observed, but is of special interest because in it he says:

... " (if bodings be not vain)  
Far other roamings yet remain  
In climes where, 'mid the unwonted vales  
No early friend the wanderer hails,  
Nor well-known hills arise to bless  
His walks of pensive loneliness."

For the present, however, the thought of visiting other shores was but an idle dream; and in 1816 he contributed a second piece to "The Poetic Mirror," which secured for the author much praise and the lasting friendship of Sir Walter Scott, who did him good service then and subsequently. Pringle now sought to eke out a scanty salary with the profits arising from the speculation of a monthly periodical, and early in 1817 the first number of Blackwood's "Edinburgh Magazine" appeared, of which he was editor; a position he did not long hold because (to use his own words) "he looked upon literature as something too high and holy to be mingled with the grossness of party politics." He then became editor of Constable's "Scots' Magazine"; and, having resigned his desk at the Records Office, reduced himself to "a lamentable state of slavery" by undertaking the editorship of the "Edinburgh Star"—then almost the only Liberal newspaper in Scotland. Of himself at this epoch he wrote: "I am supposed to be prosperous and getting forward in the world, and yet I am one of the poorest men I know. I have no regular hours, and am often out all night, and yet I am perfectly sober and given to no dissipation. I am well known to half the people in Edinburgh, and might spend all my time in pleasant company if I chose, and yet I

have not a friend in it—at least a *male* friend." The qualification was necessary, because there were several of the gentler sex to whom he tuned his lyre. Whether, like some other men, he loved them one by one, or like some others made his shrine in a pantheon, may not be known; but he renders poetic homage to Azla, to Eliza, and to Mary. Mary of Glen-Fyne, who outshone all other wearers of the plaiden in her native glen, was probably a first love, for in one of his lyrics he says:

"By Loch-Morraig's wild wood young affection  
grew,  
Ere our simple childhood love's sweet language  
knew:  
Kindness still grew stronger, till its depth was  
more  
Than was known to lovers in this world before.  
  
Cushats fondly cooing taught me how to woo;  
The soft art of suing woodlarks taught me too;  
And the laverock thrilling in the sky above  
Told the tender accents of impassioned love."

In this series of love songs we again find the poet speaking of himself as about to visit a foreign strand; and, if his poetry is to be accepted as sober fact, he meditated going forth alone—for he wrote:

"Maid of my heart—a long farewell!  
The bark is launched, the billows swell,  
And the vernal gales are blowing free  
To bear me far from love and thee!"

This, however, was not his destiny; and in 1817 (being then twenty-nine years of age) he married Margaret Brown, the daughter of an East Lothian farmer of great respectability, who shared in all the trials of his chequered life, and survived to mourn his too early death. At the time of marriage his affairs were, to all appearance, in a flourishing state, but after a period of glorious hopes, lofty yearnings, and gallant struggles, in January 1819 he was compelled to return to his seat in the Records Office. No longer a youth, but a man of the mature age of thirty, the head of a family holding a fixed rank in the circles of the town, on intimate terms with such men as Lockhart, Professor Wilson, Dr. Brewster, and James Hogg, he found it impossible to live upon his small salary. The other members of his father's house were at the moment suffering in like manner the vicissitudes of life, and at Thomas Pringle's suggestion they all agreed to emigrate to South Africa. Sir Walter Scott used his influence for them,

FROM "PICTUREQUE SOUTH AFRICA"

CROCODILE RIVER, TRANSVAAL



## Thomas Pringle

and Lord Melville thereupon granted what was asked. Pringle's fancy painted a rose-colour picture of the land he was going to, in the poem entitled "An Emigrant's Song." The history of the family trials is supposed to be described in the longer poem, "The Emigrants," which concludes with the classical stanzas beginning :

"Our native land—our native vale  
A long and last adieu !  
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale  
And Cheviot mountains blue !"

The Scotch Party, as it was officially designated—a band of twenty-four souls, twelve men, six women, and six children—of which Thomas Pringle was for the time the head, sailed from Gravesend, on February 15, 1820, in the *Brilliant*, a brig of 330 tons, much crowded with 150 souls, their goods and furniture, the good ship coming to anchor in Simon's Bay on the night of April 30. So anxious were some of the immigrants to see their new home that they sat up all night ; and when Pringle at day-break on the following morning joined his party on the poop, gazing on the bleak hills and sterile sands that surround False Bay, it was to hear one exclaim : "Heigh, Sirs ! but this is an ill-favoured and outlandish-looking place." Their settlement lay farther east, however, and they were urged to keep up heart "until they saw the green savannahs of Albany !"

Mr. Pringle had two objects in view in emigrating. First, he hoped to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, his father's family ; and secondly, having formed a decided aversion to literature (at least to periodical literature) as a profession, he desired to secure for himself some moderate appointment in the Civil Service of the Colony, probably in the district to be "settled" by his party.

In furtherance of Pringle's personal aims, Sir Walter Scott exerted himself with the utmost zeal, and procured a letter of recommendation from the then Secretary for the Colonies to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, with the assurance that his Excellency would be prepared to give the most favourable attention to the young emigrant's wishes. While the *Brilliant* was taking in fresh provisions at Simon's Bay, Pringle hastened to Cape Town to deliver this letter, and to his great disappointment found that the Governor had sailed for England on leave a few weeks previously, and as the letter was both closed

and marked "private" it could not be opened by the Colonial Secretary or the Acting-Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin, who was at the time away on a visit to Albany.

After ten days' detention the vessel weighed anchor and arrived in Algoa Bay late in the afternoon of May 15, having as companions a sloop-of-war, the storeship *Weymouth*, and ten or twelve large transports. The scene, viewed from the deck, was animated and interesting. "Directly in front, on rising ground, stood the fortified block-house, Fort Frederick, occupied by the 72nd regiment. At the foot of these heights, nearer the beach, were threethatched cottages, and one or two wooden houses brought from England, which formed the offices of the commissaries and other civil functionaries charged with the business of the 1820 immigration. In various places were large depôts of agricultural implements, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, and ironware of all descriptions. About two furlongs to the eastward lay the camp of the settlers—an array of military tents occupied by a thousand persons, comprising all sorts and conditions of men ; their stores of worldly goods partly protected from the weather by tarpaulins, and safely guarded by military sentinels. On the following afternoon the members of the Scotch party were carried through the surf by Highland soldiers, so much care being taken of them because they were Scots that not one wet the sole of his shoe with spray. A few minutes later an officer hastened to inform them, with many apologies, that—not for the last time in South Africa—the military authorities had made a mistake : a party on another vessel had a prior claim to come ashore ; would they mind going on board again ? Their disappointment may be imagined ; but they immediately re-embarked, and were "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for ten days more. They then again landed, and formed camp until June 13. On the 6th the party "assisted" at the laying of the foundation-stone of the first house of a new town, designated by the Acting-Governor Port Elizabeth (in honour of his wife), the Pringles having also helped to dig the foundations. That same day Sir Rufane Donkin personally offered Mr. Pringle a settlement on the Baviaans River ; the intention of his Excellency being to locate five hundred Highlanders to the eastward of that stream, there to act as a local militia, and to establish a town to be called "New Edinburgh," which should have

amongst its attractions a magistrate and a Scotch parson. The offer was promptly accepted. New Edinburgh and the Highland Militia are, perhaps, among things yet to come.

On June 29, six months to a day from leaving Scotland, the party arrived at their promised land, and the Dutch field-cornet who commanded the escort exclaimed, "*Now, Mynheer, daar leg uwe veld*" ("Now, sir, there lies your land"), the country being a beautiful vale, surrounded on all sides by

historical. In the year 1814 a Hottentot complained to the magistrate at Cradock—Captain Stockenström—of his master, Fred Bezuidenhout, who resided at a place now called "Cameron's Cleugh," on the Baviaans River. When the field-cornet investigated the complaint the farmer admitted the facts but declined to submit to any interference between him and his servant. He subsequently refused to attend before the magistrate or the circuit judge, and the under-sheriff was sent with an armed force



*From "Picturesque South Africa"]*

ALKMAAR, TRANSVAAL (BETWEEN PRETORIA AND DELAGOA BAY)

steep and sterile mountains, their summits covered with snow, not unlike the land from whence they had come. They were delighted with it; in the language of one cautious Scot, "The place looked no *sae* muckle amiss, and might suit no that ill provided the haughs turned out to be good deep land for the plough, and they could contrive to find a decent road out of the queer hieland glen into the lowlands—like any other Christian country."

The tract of country assigned was already

to arrest him. Bezuidenhout vowed he would not be taken alive, and found refuge in a cave, where, incautiously putting his head too far out, he was killed. This created a sensation; a call to arms was made, and the Kafir chief Gaika asked to assist against the Government—but he, wisely for his people, declined. One Hendrik Prinsloo signed this call, confiding the document to two brothers named Muller, who carried it to field-commandant Van Wyk, a man of decided loyalty, and presently Prinsloo was



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arrested. The insurgents numbered about sixty, and, their demand for Prinsloo having been refused, took up a position at Slaughter's Nek, where they were met by some British troops and some loyal Dutch burghers. They called on their countrymen to stand aside and allow them to fire on the military, and Captain Fraser thereupon advanced with the troops to hold a parley, which resulted in all but five agreeing to surrender. These five were subsequently captured or shot. One of them was named Hans Bezuidenhout (brother to Frederick), and he, placing himself by the side of his waggon, opposed the force that surrounded him. Repeated invitations to surrender were made, but he obstinately refused to parley, and shot dead a soldier sent forward with a message of peace. Mrs. Bezuidenhout (assisted by her son, a lad fourteen years of age) loaded seven muskets as fast as her husband could fire them off, exclaiming, "Let us never be taken alive! Let us die here together!" The husband was eventually killed, and she—wounded, faint from fatigue and loss of blood—was incapable of further resistance; but she would not allow the military surgeon to dress the wound. The motive for resisting she probably did not comprehend, but she nobly fulfilled the obligation as she understood it, to love her husband until death, and takes her place with the mistaken but brave and devoted women of history. The end of the rebellion was the hanging of five ringleaders at Slaughter's Nek, and the punishment of others in various ways, including forfeiture of land, a portion of which was assigned to the Pringle party. All round them were Dutchmen who had taken part in the revolt, or had relations so engaged, but from them all, and always, the Pringles received the greatest kindness. They at first shocked Scotch propriety by visiting on Sundays, but Mr. Pringle soon stopped that by asking every Dutch visitor to read the Bible to the Hottentot servants. Not being good readers, and considering it a degradation to sit down amidst a group of natives, they soon gave the Scotsmen a wide berth on the Sabbath. The good fellowship extended to them by Mr. Pringle on other days may account for the kindly feeling long existing in the Colony between Scots and Dutchmen.

The condition of native affairs at the time was briefly this. In 1817 Lord Charles Somerset made a treaty with Gaika, which, like many a subsequent treaty, was supposed to settle the native question. In the

following year an internal war broke out among the Gaika clans, with which the Colony had nothing to do, but military assistance was, unfortunately, sent to Gaika, which roused tribes who did not want to fight, and who presently overran the country as far as Algoa Bay. Makanna was the leading spirit among the natives, being both prophet and warrior, and under his advice it was resolved to attack Grahamstown. The substance of the leader's speech has been preserved in Mr. Pringle's "Makanna's Gathering," of which the following are the closing stanzas:

"Fling your broad shields away—  
 Bootless against such foes;  
 But hand to hand we'll fight to-day,  
 And with their bayonets close.  
 Grasp each man short his stabbing spear;  
 And, when to battle's edge we come,  
 Rush on their ranks in full career,  
 And to their hearts strike home.

Wake! Amakisa, wake!  
 And muster for the war;  
 The wizard-wolves from Keisi's brake,  
 The vultures from afar,  
 Are gathering at Uhlanga's call,  
 And follow fast our westward way—  
 For well they know, ere evening fall,  
 They shall have glorious prey!"

The little garrison at Grahamstown proved worthy of the flag it defended, for the Kafirs left fourteen hundred dead on the field, and forfeited the splendid tract of country between the Fish and Keiskamma Rivers, for some time after called the "neutral territory." The settlers were consequently not in dread of war, and they settled down to their farming pursuits with all the energy of their race. Thomas Pringle took his full share of the rough work; indeed, he was very soon civil and military officer, doctor, religious instructor, engineer, architect, gardener, plasterer, cabinet-maker, and tinker; finding time besides to learn the Dutch language. Unfortunately the bright prospects which greeted the new-comers soon clouded. The grass withered, the river ceased to flow, rust destroyed the wheat, many young trees and other plants died; the Highlanders were not coming to be neighbours, and other Scotch settlers whose arrival was anxiously expected perished miserably near the equator, their vessel being destroyed by fire. The Pringles were for the moment disheartened, and urged their leader to apply

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for land in Albany; but he pleaded for another trial, and after the drought broke up their location was extended by the Governor to include 20,000 acres, of which Thomas Pringle did not take a square yard. For two years and three months he was the landless head of a large land-owning family, content to reside at Eildon—a farm held in trust for a younger brother on his way out from Scotland.

"Where the young river, from its wild ravine,  
Winds pleasantly through Eildon's pastures green,  
With fair acacias waving on its banks  
And willows bending o'er in graceful ranks,  
And the steep mountain rising close behind,  
To shield us from the snowberg's wintry wind—  
Appears my rustic cabin, thatched with reeds,  
Upon a knole amid the grassy meads."

The hut he comfortably furnished, and if he and his noble wife had to surrender some of the luxuries of Edinburgh their hospitable board lacked not good cheer :

"First, here's our broad-tailed mutton, small and fine,

The dish on which nine days in ten we dine;  
Next, roasted springbok, spiced and larded well,  
A haunch of hartbeest from Hyndhope Fell;  
A paauw—which beats your Norfolk turkey  
hollow—

Korhaan, and guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow,  
Kid carbonadjes, à-la-Hottentot,  
Broiled on a forked twig; and, peppered hot  
With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew;  
Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu."

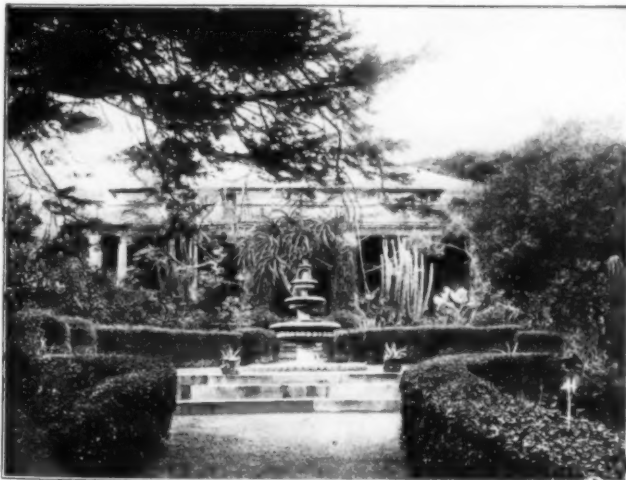
What the countryside afforded was liberally dispensed; and in Mr. Pringle's excursions through the Colony he was ever a welcome guest. Few men burdened with crutches have travelled more in South Africa, and few travellers have more carefully observed all that was worthy of notice in the country. In one of his sonnets he writes :

"Poets are Nature's priests; their hallowed eyes  
Behold her Mercy-seat within the Veil.  
From their melodious lips the nations hail  
Her oracles, and learn her mysteries."

This was his ideal; and if in his works he does not reveal to us that inner shrine, he shows himself to have been a reverent worshipper in the outer court, specially in "The Desolate Valley," "far up among the forest-belted mountains," and in another piece entitled "Evening Rambles"—one of the most beautiful pastorals in the language—too long to be given here, too perfect to be quoted from.

English readers will doubtless protest that the poems are too freely "peppered" with the Colonial names of wild animals; but in Mr. Pringle's day the whole country swarmed with them. The first Sunday visitor to the settlement was an Oribi (an antelope) which gazed at the poet in evident amazement—perhaps at hearing so staunch a Scotch Presbyterian reading the English liturgy; and within a week he had the pleasure of hearing the wild lion's roar. These lords of the forest demanded nightly

watchfulness; and the noble brute one bright moonlight night had his growl responded to by the poet, who appeared in his nightshirt, supported on crutches, gun in hand; but either the lion did not see him, or despised a tough Scotsman for supper. When the lions became too impudent they were pursued to their lair, and Pringle showed that he was not only bravest of the brave, but that he could immortalise the combat, as he has done in that spirited piece, "The Lion Hunt"; the hide and skull of the dead beast being sent to grace Sir Walter Scott's armoury at Abbotsford.



Photograph by]

A CAPE TOWN RESIDENCE OF TO-DAY

[Dennis Edwards

## Thomas Pringle

Lord Charles Somerset had by this time returned to the Colony. Sir Walter Scott used his influence at Downing Street, and very soon after the Governor returned he offered Pringle the librarianship of the Government Library at Cape Town, at a salary of £75 a year! Mr. Pringle subsequently declared that he was not aware of the inadequacy of the income for the support of a household in so expensive a place; but he hoped by means of the Press to increase his wealth and usefully employ his talents. In August 1822 he therefore commenced his journey southward in an ox-waggon. The Karoo was then suffering from a year's drought, and long stages had to be taken for water, near which was found a variety of game, and also ostriches, whose fine feathers were then worth from sixpence to a shilling each in Cape Town. These desolate plains, which the railway now crosses, inspired the poems "Afar in the Desert"—an acknowledged English classic, of which this is a stanza:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:  
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleeding cry  
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively.  
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh  
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain.  
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;  
Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,  
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo."

Ritchie said of this piece: "This is a poem which, once having read, it is difficult to forget. It lingers in the ear like one of those old melodies that are associated with ideas at once of sadness and beauty." Coleridge gave it higher praise, writing to the author: "I found the poem by accident, and though so busy that I had not looked at any new books, I was so completely taken possession of that for some days I did little else but read and recite the poem. I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language."

The man capable of such perfect work cheerfully entered upon his duties as librarian; and seeing around him fields of usefulness far beyond his own powers, wrote to Scotland for his early friend Mr. John Fairbairn to join him. Before Fairbairn's arrival, however, Pringle discovered that

the Governor's professed anxiety to encourage education and the diffusion of knowledge was a piece of political hypocrisy, and he renounced all idea of editing the "Government Gazette," then containing such news as the authorities permitted; and determined if possible to establish an independent periodical. This the Governor would not sanction; but a few months later permission was given from England, and, assisted by Dr. Faure, an alternately English and Dutch monthly was issued; the Dutch magazine, called "De Zuid Afrikaansch Tydschrift," being still published. Fairbairn and Pringle also started a school which was very successful. About the same time Mr. Greig commenced a weekly newspaper, "The South African Commercial Advertiser," and after issuing two numbers called Pringle and Fairbairn to undertake its literary management. The magazine did not please the Governor, but the newspaper was regarded with the strongest dislike. For four months opportunity to crush it was sought in vain; then for fear that a full report would appear in it of a case brought in the Supreme Court by his Excellency against one Edwards for libel, the Fiscal or public prosecutor was ordered to assume censorship. The two editors agreed not to submit to such interference, the printer came to the same resolution, and thereupon Lord Somerset without any legal warrant ordered the press to be sealed up, and Greig to quit the Colony within a month. The Cape "Reign of Terror" then commenced. The Fiscal turned to the magazine, and the editors promptly advertised its discontinuance. The Governor by this time realised that he had gone too far, and, summoning Mr. Pringle before him, burst forth into a passion like a long-gathered south-easter from Table Mountain. The article that roused Somerset's ire was one pointing out the failure of the 1820 scheme of immigration. The Chief Justice was present to witness Pringle's demeanour, but he stood firm on his crutches, defended his conduct, modestly claimed his legal rights, and respectfully resigned his official position. Lord Charles then tried coaxing and flattery, but Mr. Pringle declined to resume the publication unless legal protection was granted to the Press.

Mr. Pringle's own troubles appear to have given him a keener interest in the distress of others, and when famine overtook the frontier settlers—a famine so severe that a well-disposed lad altered his morning



Photograph by]

KAFFIR QUARTERS, EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY

[Dennis Edwards

prayer to "Give us this day our daily pumpkin"—Pringle undertook the office of secretary to the Relief Society, and wrote a pamphlet for circulation in England and in India, which secured large contributions, not one penny of which was accepted by Pringle's own party.

Having decided to return to England, Mr. Pringle towards the end of 1824 started overland to visit Glen Lynden, but breaking his leg at Genadendal (a Moravian Mission Station) he was compelled to return to Cape Town. Three months later he took ship to Algoa Bay, and from thence passed through the Albany Settlements to his own family, increased to more than double the number first settled. They were prosperous, and he rejoiced in their prosperity; though his own condition was like the nameless stream he found among the hills which met the thirsty desert and went to waste oblivion. On December 19 he bade farewell to the hills and vales he has immortalised in song, and only one more Colonial poem was written on the return journey, descriptive of a storm and a wreck on the coast, and entitled "The Tornado":

"Dost thou love to list the rushing  
Of the tempest in its might?  
Dost thou joy to see the gushing  
Of the torrent at its height?  
Hasten forth while lurid gloaming  
Waneth into wilder night,  
O'er the troubled ocean, foaming  
With a strange phosphoric light.

Lo! the sea-fowl loudly screaming  
Seeks the shelter of the land;  
And a signal light is gleaming  
Where yon vessel nears the strand.

Just at sunset she was lying  
All becalmed upon the main;  
Now, with sails in tatters flying,  
She to seaward beats—in vain!

Hark! the long unopened fountains  
Of the clouds have burst at last;  
And the echoes of the mountains  
Lift their wailing voices fast.  
Now a thousand rills are pouring  
Their far-sounding waterfalls;  
And the wrathful stream is roaring  
High above its rocky walls.

Now the forest trees are shaking  
Like bulrushes in the gale;  
And the folded flocks are quaking  
'Neath the pelting of the hail.  
From the jungle-cumbered river  
Comes a growl along the ground;  
And the cattle start and shiver,  
For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion gaunt with hunger,  
Glaring down the darkening glen;  
But a fiercer power and stronger  
Drives him back into his den.  
For the fiend TORNADO rideth  
Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,  
Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,  
With the she-wolf by her side.

Heard ye not the Demon flapping  
His exultant wings aloud?  
And his mate her mad hands clapping  
From yon scowling thunder-cloud?  
By the fire-flaucht's gleamy flashing  
The doomed vessel you may spy:  
With the billows o'er her dashing—  
Hark (O God!) that fearful cry!

## Thomas Pringle

Twice two hundred human voices  
In that shriek came on the blast!  
Ha! the Tempest fiend rejoices—  
For all earthly aid is past!  
White as smoke the surge is showering  
Over the cliffs that seaward frown;  
While the greedy gulf, devouring  
Like a dragon, sucks them down!"

Mr. Pringle arrived in England in July 1826, and was known, by name at least, to half the enlightened men in the Empire as having been the modest but fearless champion of the liberty of the Press in a British Colony.

He therefore turned again to literature, contributing an article on slavery to a magazine, which article secured for him the appointment of secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. There he associated with the ablest philanthropists of the day, and became the friend of Buxton and Macaulay, Clarkson and Wilberforce, Macintosh Rogers, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. On June 27, 1834, Mr. Pringle officially signed the document issued by the Society thanking God for its great triumph. That night he broke a blood-vessel, and presently was advised to once more try the South African climate. His friends raised the necessary funds, and his passage was taken, but pulmonary disease made rapid progress, and on December 5 he said "fare-well" and gently passed away.

Already Thomas Pringle appears as one who lived very long ago; his works are being forgotten, and his name is almost unknown. Unfortunately for his memory, his papers were lost either on their way to or in South Africa.

He may not be ranked as a great poet, but he was a true poet. His work has in it more of elegance than strength, but "there are some poems of such power and spirit as would seem to prove that the natural force of his genius was controlled by the gentleness of his mind." Unfortunately the native names of persons and places and things debar English readers of

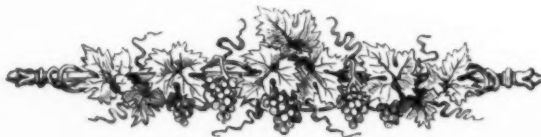
the poems from realising all their beauty; while the Colonists have always despised the volume because of the Negrophilistic character of some of the pieces therein; but when the native question in the Colony is either settled or passed away, the truth and the beauty of Pringle's prose and poetry will be appreciated.

Estimated by ordinary standards, Mr. Pringle's life was a failure. His death drew forth an expression of affectionate regret in every civilised country in the world where the English language is spoken. In India and in America the feeling was the same, and to the credit of human nature be it related, that even his adversaries joined in lamenting when dead the man they had striven against when living. The eulogies pronounced by contemporary writers would fill a volume of themselves. But Mr. Pringle made no money, he acquired no property, and he left nothing behind but some papers, most of which have long since disappeared. There are, however, better evidences of success than the length of a man's will, and he himself followed the advice he gave, when he wrote:

"Alike with heaven and earth sincere,  
With hand, and brow, and bosom clear  
Fear God—and know no other fear."

He was, indeed, one of the most disinterestedly brave of men, finding the highest pleasure in sacrificing himself for the liberty and the welfare of others, regardless of colour or race. And his main object in going to South Africa was completely successful. In the glens on each side of the Baviaans River, or, as he named it, the Lynden, he collected again in one social circle and established his father's family in rural independence. The Pringles and the Rennies still plough these haughs, they feed their flocks on the breezy colonial Cheviot fells, and continue to testify to the many advantages South Africa offers to Europeans who are willing to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow.

WILLIAM HAY.





# The Curse of Killucan

A STORY OF THE "WHITE BOYS"

BY KATHLEEN DESMOND

## CHAPTER I



ALL the agitators who have risen to disturb the peace of the "ould counthree," the "White Boys" of the early forties of this century were amongst the most renowned. Many are the tales of their daring raids upon the gentlemen's houses of their neighbourhood; and the manner of

their appearance, clothed in white overalls and masked, gliding silently in the shadows of the night to the attack, gave a glamour of the mysterious to their proceedings.

As a rule they showed a certain amount of chivalry as well as courage, and avoided taking life as much as possible. They touched nothing save that for which they came, viz. firearms, and these they took by force if they could not otherwise obtain them, thereby answering the double purpose of disarming the Loyalists and arming their own men.

The "Boys" attacking a particular place generally came from a distance, being less likely to be identified, and bringing with them one or two from the locality to act as guides.

These took care, with a few exceptions, to keep from doing damage, though, of course, if some bad character had lately been found guilty by the local magistrate, he would consider it a good opportunity to take his revenge. As a rule, however, if the guns were given up quietly no harm was done, though sometimes, if they were refused, they set fire to the house after giving due warning.

One of the most celebrated of the attacks

made by the "White Boys" was that upon the house of the De Rupards of Killucan. This family was one of the oldest in the western counties. They were originally Normans, and settled in Ireland in Henry II's reign. They evidently had intermarried with some of the Spaniards, many of whom, after the Armada, had settled down in the south. The dark eyes with coquettish glance and black hair are to be seen still both amongst the gentry and peasantry in those parts. The De Rupards showed traces of this intermixture very markedly, especially the women, many of whom had a decidedly foreign appearance—the dark eyes, hair and complexion, great elegance of movement and manner, yet all the sweet humour and wit of the Celtic race.

The De Rupards were ever noted for their bravery. Their coat of arms was prized above everything by them, as some of the heraldic signs meant *distinguished* bravery and purity; a De Rupard was never known to show the "white feather."

After several houses had been attacked in this neighbourhood, and the firearms carried off by the "White Boys," a number of gentlemen round Killucan decided to ask old Mr. De Rupard to undertake the charge of their guns. He consulted his wife and his brother, Mr. Philip De Rupard, and two nieces, Miss Odell and Miss Clarinda Odell, who lived with him, and they at once consented. Pistols and knives and forks were laid for every meal; the young ladies were well known for their pluck, and knew how to load a pistol as well as use it if needs be.

After one of those "foine moit days" so common in Ireland at all time of the year—which in plain English means incessant fine rain—a slouching individual might have been seen trudging along on a beaten track by a furze hedge. This man, hearing a step behind, turned round with the usual salutation, "Foine saft way, Teddy, glory be to God!"

## The Curse of Killucan

"Aye, Pat, gran' for the country; Peter Doolan's taters won't be all that bad, maybe the rest of 'em will 'scape the blight. Aye, faith! 'tis clearing up for the bhoys! Thanks be to the blissed saints."

"Ah, bedad! Teddy, that reminds me, there's a foine nest of guns at the *hoose* above," pointing his thumb over his shoulder towards Killucan. "I heard Mary Sullivan saying that all the ginthy was sendin'

bhoys was to carry them off; does ye think the captin' would be loike to thry?"

"Arra hould yer tongue, ye blithering ould idjot! Walls has ears, an' ye'll be havin' all the fat in the fire; we know'd all about Mooney. Mick tould Pether that the bhoys have got the worst of it, and bad cess to the mon as would *let on* about it. Shure, mon! we're gathering all round the country. Mollie Doolan's little lad has thravelled miles

and miles agin to tell the bhoys all about it, an' they've a matein' ivery blissit noight up an' doon to settle the 'tack; 'twill be a foine day that noight for the *cause*; they do say they's up'ards of fifty guns an' pistols an' all, be-gob! I'm itchen' to be at un, I am *so*!"

"But I'm hopin' nothin' 'ill happen the ould mon, nor Misther Philip nather, Teddy," said Pat; "they're game fighters, anyway, and good friends to the poor."

Now this was an unfortunate speech to Teddy of all people, as he was one of the few persons, if not the only one about, who really hated the De Rupard family, and he blazed out at Pat and said: "Sarve him right if he *is* hurted; if I only takes a dhrop too much, or snare a rabbit or two, he has the peelers afther me, an' I'm shuved in quod agin. I tell ye I *hate* him, an' I'll be even with him yet; see if we don't make a blare up yonder wan o' these nights, whether we git

the guns or not."

This was against all White Boy tactics; the guns were all they wanted, and if fortunate enough to be able to get them without any further deprivations, they never committed any; but if they were repulsed, and could not get at them, they, if possible, set fire to the house.

"Aye, Pat," shaking his fist in his face with a diabolical determination, "*even in spite of the curse!*"



"SEE IF WE DON'T MAKE A BLARE UP YONDER WAN O' THESE NIGHTS"

all the guns up to the Ould Masther to moind for 'em. 'Twas through that new mon, Misther Mooney, I heared on it; he a gentlemoan, Moryah! for all his gould chains and foine hosses. Mary heared him talking to the masther about the gun he get from Dublin and we often heared him crackin' away with it. Now he's took it up to the *hoose* for 'em to care on; did ye iver hear the loike? Faith! and they'd be left on 'Philloo Bridge!' entirely if some of the

## The Curse of Killucan

At these words Pat turned as pale as it was possible under such a swarthy skin, and taking off his cobeen (hat) wiped his forehead with his coat sleeve.

"An' tear an ages, man! whatever do you be dreamin' of? Ivery mother's son of ye will 'gain the curse.'"

This is an expression meaning "the curse will fall on them." Pat even forgot to put his dudheen back in his mouth, which was, indeed, too wide open with horror to have been able to hold it.

"We must have the guns now, man, the bhoys are too mad afther them now to be stopped," and Teddy walked off without another word.

Pat knew if any work of this kind was on hand his own and his sister-in-law's son would be in the thick of it, and to try to dissuade them would only mean being called "an informer"—the most disgraceful of all names. As the name crossed Pat's brain he stood still and clutched at the air. A fearful struggle began in his mind, truly attached as he was to the De Rupards—and Pat had a grateful heart under his patched coat—how could he run the risk of letting them be shot, perhaps? For did not the 'ladies, God bless 'em! come to his house themselves, when his pride, darlin', and delight, little Mollie, had the fever? Here he devoutly crossed himself. "And she would have died, she would, if it had not been for them and the docther." Here was another pause, for the "docther" was indeed the friend of all the country-side. Dr. De Rupard was cousin to the De Rupards of Killucan, and lived at Castletown Park, eight miles away—only across the road in Ireland. He came to the poor people when sent for, and was a universal favourite, and the curse—wrrishthree! belonged to him, too, being a *De Rupard*. Pat continued his musings. "Shure, the docther's medicine and the ladies comin' with their milk and jellies they give her with their own white hands, all covered wid rings, di-mons and all! and the ould man (as Mr. John De Rupard was often called, being then over sixty, with a long white beard), didn't he, often as not, niver ax the rint, if the taters was bad, or the crop blighted—and thin *The Curse!*"

No words can describe the horror brought to Pat's mind by those two words. What was "the curse"? Well, I really do not know the exact historical part of the story, but at some remote period of the family

history, in a very disturbed time, there was an old De Rupard of Killucan to whom some enemy of the family did a very serious injury, and though revenge is said to be sweet, this old fellow seems to have been noble enough to have, if not quite forgiven, at least to have had mercy on his foe. Finding him in some terribly sad plight, he took him into the shelter of Killucan, and gave him free bed and board till the row, or whatever the trouble was, blew over, and sent him afterwards off to France, where they got "rid of the rubbish" in those days.

Well, now for the "curse." The foe was so delighted with this unexpected treatment, when he knew so well he deserved something not quite so agreeable, that as he was leaving the house, crossing the threshold (a very ticklish spot, and thought a great deal of in Ireland), he called down "All kinds of vengeance on any hand uplifted to do any injury, directly or indirectly, to any man, woman, or child bearing the name of De Rupard, to the last generation that ever should live; and they who did the injury should have all evil overtake them and their property; and that they be known among men by dying a violent death, *never in bed.*"

It may have been only a curious coincidence, but it is remarkable that in many past generations strange misfortunes overtook anyone who *did* injure a De Rupard, and therefore the people firmly believed it.

But to return to Pat. He, with all his superstitions—and, as we all know, *superstition* is the very pivot on which the genuine Irish turn—was in what a schoolboy would call a "blue funk!" Throwing himself down on the ground, he wrung his old cobeen till it was less like a hat than ever.

"What iver, what iver shall I do at all, at all?" moaned Pat; "all them strange bhoys will niver let alone doing the ould man, or some of 'em, some harm. Patsy and Mike are *shure* to be led on to something, and they'll 'gain the curse'—and Pat fairly gasped. To die a violent death, without a priest, was a horror and disgrace not easily faced. And then his personal love for the family—what if he *were* to "turn informer"? It would give them the power to be on guard and defend themselves, or else get the "peelers." Even if Patsy was to be "taken," 'twas a deal better, anyhow, than to "gain the curse"; any fate

## The Curse of Killucan

but that. Then the thought, "Would the bhoys iver know who tould?" Again Pat drew his sleeve across his brow, and, laying his head down on his crossed arms, lay there on the damp ground fighting it all out.

The fate of an "informer" was, in itself, no light thing to face. In those days "death to the traitor" was often heard of, and Pat was facing the question and trying to see what was best to choose; the fate of an "informer," with the chance of escaping himself; or the far worse thing of allowing his son and his own people to "gain the curse." He saw at once he must avoid the latter at all hazards, but how to manage the former—that was the crux.

All this took time, and little Mollie, wondering why daddie was so late, came along the pathway to find out the cause of the delay. Great was her surprise when she saw the dark object lying on the damp ground under the furze hedge, and would have scurried off home, only she caught sight of what she knew to be the bright blue patch her mother had sewn on the shoulder of her daddie's old frieze coat. She sprang to his side, her little bare toes making no sound, and with arms flung round his neck, she startled him by exclaiming:

"Why daddie, alanna! What iver is the matter?"

Pat raised his head and said, "Och! Mollie, mavourneen! I'm in a hole entirely, entirely," and there was a long whispering in her ear, with many ejaculations, uplifted hands, and shaking of heads. Though the child was only twelve years old, she knew every in and out about the White Boys; and as for the De Rupard curse, that was a familiar story, and the idea of any of her own kin doing anything to "gain the curse" to themselves, utterly obliterated all idea of loyalty to the White Boys.

"Daddie, whatever, whatever shall we do?" And the quick wits of the child were already at work. She was just about to jump up, clap her hands, and explain her plan of getting out of their difficulty, when she was alarmed by a footstep close to. She leaned over her daddie, saying, "Daddie, 'tis getting late, and 'tis the ru-ma-tis you'll be gettin' frightful if you don't thry to git up. Me mammy set the taters on an hour agone for supper; she'll s'pect us at wanst."

Her little heart beat quickly. If anyone

was to dream of the struggle going on in her father's mind then, that he even *thought* of telling a word of warning to the family *par excellence*, he would probably, nay, surely, get a crack on the head with a *shela-leigh* that would lay him up for some weeks to come. No wonder the little child was pale, and trembled, for she fully understood the danger. Her own little heart was stirred too for fear of any harm coming to her dear young ladies up at the house. But she had to bravely hide all her own feelings, and ask the neighbour who came along to help her father home, as he was "took bad" and she "could niver git him along."

When he at last got home, Pat Maguire went to bed, and faithful little Mollie, who waited on him, found an opportunity of whispering—when her mother had cooled down from the unwonted excitement of her husband coming home "looking as if he had seed some-ut!"—a nice round-about way of saying "a ghost," a word they do not rashly use—"We must-na tell, daddie; I'll manage it"; and he had only time to press her hand, and give her a steady look of trust, when his wife was back from the fireplace with a drink of whey. Mollie knew well she must not let her mother know a word of all this; her son, and her sister's son, lived in the house with them, and her heart was wrapped up in them both. She loved little Mollie dearly, especially since her illness, and was most grateful to the "young ladies," as the Miss Odells were called, for all their kindness; but she would not have her boys crossed if she could help it. Her nephew Mike had been left in her care when a baby by her favourite sister when she was dying. Mollie knew her mother could not keep the secret from them, and the secret *must* be kept, and her very dread of the curse would make her betray all. She probably would not hear a word of the planned attack if Pat did not tell her, and therefore could be kept quiet. Her son was not fond of telling his movements.

Mollie slept little that night. Poor child! she turned her plans over and over and viewed them in different lights. The most feasible seemed to be to try and see Miss Clarinda Odell without attracting notice, and whisper the whole thing in her ear and quickly slip away.

Clarinda Odell constantly roamed about the fields plucking wildflowers and grasses, or was to be seen in the lanes and by-roads carrying some little tit-bit to the sick or poor.



## The Curse of Killucan

To see her and have a little chat was nothing very difficult, but the strain on so young a child was great, and she trembled with the importance of such an undertaking. It meant so much, and she was fully alive to it all. The dread of it being found out that the warning word came from her father's house, that the opprobrious term of "In-former" with all its consequences should fall on him, and through her doing. Not that she argued it in any such clear way, but all these ideas came and went, adding terror to terror in her heart.

Mollie got up next morning with her mind made up to do her best to watch Miss Clarinda—all day if needs be, and to tell her she *must* see her sometime alone, and whisper the news of an intended attack.

Quickly Mollie flitted in and out in the morning, doing the simple tasks needed in such a home. Glancing every now and then at her daddy, who was digging a bit in his little "tatie patch," but who was by no means up to a day's work—where he could not lean on his spade and fill his dudheen as often as at home, and "do his thinking" unobserved except by Mollie. She, catching up a fairly large can, spoke loud enough for her father to hear.

"I'm off to the well, mother, and like enough I'll meet Miss Clarinda."

"Well, ye won't be back in a great hurry if ye do, I'm thinking," was the answer.

In a flash her father understood the wave of the hand and meaning glance of Mollie to him as she darted away with the can. He divined with the quick intuition of the Celt that Mollie meant *business*, young as she was.

When the child got to the well she hid the can under some bracken as she had often done before, and, scampering off to the common, jumped up on a hillock and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked all round. Springing suddenly down, she ran like a hare towards an opening in a field at a short distance, having caught sight of the flutter of a light dress belonging to a figure she knew.

"Why, Mollie, you quite startled me; you are out of breath, child; you must not run so fast, or we will be having you ill again. What is the matter?" For Clarinda noticed how flushed were her cheeks, and how unnaturally bright were her eyes, with the large black circles underneath. Timidly Mollie slipped her little hot hand into that of the lady—an unusual liberty; but she and Clarinda were great friends since her illness

—and one required support with something so very important on hand. Long and earnestly Mollie spoke, yet in a low tone, and moving away from the briar-hanging hedge for fear of being overheard. Clarinda listened attentively, gently holding the trembling child's hand, and said when she had finished, "Plucky little girl, I see it all; no one will notice much about your talking to me, and I will be a good deal abroad about here, and when you find out the night arranged, you can just come up to me and say the word and pass on. Do not come to me at all unless you *know*. I would not for worlds be the means of getting you all into trouble. And now run back to your father; don't say much to him, only give him to understand you have done something, and have to wait events; the less he knows the better for him. Stay a moment! the heather is just beginning to peep, bring me a bunch in your hand when you know; and I will give you an opportunity to speak."

Clarinda walked on round the field, gathered some moss, and then quietly strolled home. She slipped into her uncle's study, shut the door, and, nodding to him, with her finger on her lip, she crossed the room, closed the window which overlooked the garden, and, coming close to his writing-table, told him all she had heard.

The only answer Mr. De Rupard made was to laugh.

"'Tis that ass, Mooney," he said; and then Clarinda smiled. "I thought it was rather a 'come down' myself when he brought his gun here the other night, and I suppose, in fact I heard, he has been taking good care to let it be known he gave it into *safe keeping*, for fear he should have the 'boys' up with him. I should say if they gave him a good shaking, they could get everything in the place. Psha!" said the old man, in disgust, for nothing annoyed him so much as a coward. "Why, the donkey had been blabbing all over the place that *he* had got a gun that would keep the White Boys at a distance. He went off in great fig in the new dog-cart to the station to bring it home, and he has been practising firing ever since. That was what he came over about the other night."

It was the recollection of Mr. Mooney's "get up" and himself generally that had made Clarinda laugh just before. Mr. Mooney had lately taken a place near Killucan, an old dower house belonging to another demesne, that had been empty



## The Curse of Killucan

for a number of years. Lo! one day, a fine, very fine gentleman appeared on the scene, took the place and sent horses, traps, dogs, and grooms galore! and "set up" there. He was not able to give a very satisfactory account of himself, or how he was connected with some other Mooneys who did not claim him; but though his costumes were "grand," and his house was "grand," and he was "grand," somehow he did not get a very "grand" reception either from the peasantry

his cousin Mike refused to give any account of him. Mollie rapidly finished her dinner of potatoes and buttermilk, and slipped out at the back-door to reconnoitre. She ran along under cover of a loose stone wall till she came to the edge of the wood behind her father's house. People accustomed to large fields and proper divisions would be much surprised at the West of Ireland arrangements. Countless little oddly shaped fields, mere patches indeed, divided by these



SHE HEARD THE LOW TONES OF SOME ONE SHE COULD NOT SEE

or gentry, though all were civil when they met him, and he was commonly considered "a capital joke."

When he found out how the land lay with regard to the "boys" attacking houses for the guns only, and never touching anything else, brave Mr. Mooney came to the happy conclusion that if he had no guns, they would not molest him. He had therefore, in a markedly open manner, taken his over to Killucan, and confided it to the care of Mr. De Rupard. This, of course, had been freely gossiped about, particularly since he had spread abroad that he had sent it away.

Pat went back to his work next day. In the dinner-hour Patsy did not turn up, and

"loose stone walls"—rightly so named, for a good push would knock about a yard or two of one down. Stones of a fairly large size and rounded shape they pile one upon another, and if something very extra permanent is needed, a few sods of grass placed between keeps them in position a little more securely. Very often these walls were built on the edge of a drain (made to prevent the field being a pool of water), and along the side it would be a trifle boggy. Nothing for little bare toes to make a fuss about, however. When Mollie reached the wood, which she well knew was a rendezvous of the White Boys, she saw her brother just turning out of the gap for

## The Curse of Killucan

which she was making. She crouched down amongst the bracken, and lay quite still, and presently she heard the low tones of some one she could not see, but whose voice she knew to be the Captain's. She was just in time to distinctly catch the words, "*Let them all be ready for Thursday night,*" before they dispersed, one after another, making off in different directions, stealthily, through the wood.

Mollie repeated the words over and over—"Let them be ready for Thursday night,"—"let them be ready for Thursday night"; and then suddenly she sprang up as if she had been shot.

"Miss Clarinda—Thursday night." A second's thought was enough; she looked round for some heather, and saw some just budding near a little rock, and, grasping a handful, she sped across the fields and over the walls in the direction of Killucan. The wood was behind the house, so she had no long avenue to go up. She crept through the hedge that ran round the house, and on to a walk that Clarinda and Maria often used, and got to the yard gate.

Mollie was too well-known to be questioned, had there been anyone about just then; but everyone was just finishing dinner. She sat down for a moment by the pier of the gate to take breath, and not appear in any hurry, or as if there were anything unusual about her. If she could at once tell Clarinda and not come again, they would not think of tracing to her father's house, or to her visit, the fact that the De Rupards knew and prepared for an attack, as it had only been decided a few minutes ago by the Captain, and Patsy and Mike were known to belong to the "boys." And it was all going to happen so soon, too! "Tomorrow night, and only Monday night they heard the first of it all!" The child's head reeled, she sat still a few moments longer, and then got up and walked to the back door. The old cook, who had often prepared a dainty morsel or a pint of beef-tea for Mollie, caught sight of her, and called to her to "come in and welcome, alanna." She handed Mollie a piece of meat balanced on a large mealy potato off her own plate,

and bade her sit in the corner, pointing to a stool beside the large fireplace.

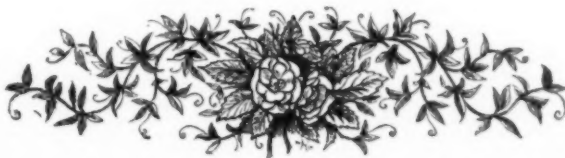
"I've brought Miss Clarinda some of the first heather," she said, and Mary Sullivan, the parlour-maid, undertook to tell her young mistress presently. Mollie enjoyed the luxury of a "piece of mate," and when she had answered all questions about her family and the pig—the "ould sow," and the "bonneens"—she said she must be going. Mary said Miss Clarinda had gone out to the flower-garden, and Mollie might as well go round there to her. The child was relieved to find she might see Clarinda at once and by herself, though she knew the *sign of the heather* would make that all right. She went round to the garden and came straight to Clarinda, pressing the little sprig into her hand, and saying in a low tone as she did so, "Tomorrow, Thursday, night." Then, with a frightened look around, she was gone before a word more could be said.

Clarinda soon finished her gardening and sought her uncle. He was just putting on his hat for a stroll, and she said, "Wait, uncle, till I put my heather in water, and I will come too; Mollie has just brought me some." When they got away from the house, she told him what the child had said—that she understood the attack would be made on Thursday night, and it would be well to be ready.

"Ho! ho! so soon, eh?" said her uncle cheerfully. "Well, we will give them a warm reception. Humph! Now, Clarry, how many *men* can we rely on counting—you and Maria? Oh! bosh! Peelers, indeed! I can take care of my own house. Only for that blundering cad, Mooney, probably it would never have got out that we had any extra guns; and that scoundrel, Teddy Shean, is sure to be in it. Well! we'll see, we'll see. You and Maria can load and fire too if necessary. We'll have the feather beds down this time, as I have no doubt it is going to be no child's play."

And so the two walked on, talking low, and even once or twice a hearty laugh was heard, when some specially neat plan was arranged.

(To be continued.)



# The Natural History of Insects<sup>1</sup>

THE recent publication of vol. vi. of the "Cambridge Natural History" completes Dr. Sharp's account of the insects, which he began in the preceding volume; and there is a general consensus that no such valuable work on the subject has been done since the appearance of Westwood's famous "Classification" in 1839. The fifth volume opens with an account, by Mr. Sedgwick, of Peripatus, a strange slug-like creature, with paired limbs, which "stands absolutely alone as a kind of half-way animal between the Arthropoda (or creatures with jointed limbs—crabs, insects, and spiders) and the Annelida (or ringed worms)." In the second chapter Mr. Sinclair deals with the Millepedes and the Centipedes, and gives some exceedingly interesting particulars as to his experiences in keeping and breeding the commonest British species of both groups at Cambridge, so that anyone may readily follow his example. Foreign Millepedes and Centipedes are sometimes imported into this country. Mention is made of a species of *Schizotarsia* having been found, and we believe that it has now become established, and about a year ago another of the group (*Cryptops anomalus*) was found at Kew Gardens, having probably been introduced with some plants.

The rest of the volume (pp. 81-565) is occupied by Dr. Sharp, who devotes his first three chapters to a consideration of the characteristic features of insect life. He reminds us that insects form by far the larger part of the land animals of the world, outnumbering in species all the other terrestrial animals together; and that while the largest scarcely exceed in bulk a mouse or a wren, and the smallest are almost or quite imperceptible to the naked eye, yet the larger part of the animal matter existing on the lands of the globe is in all probability locked up in the forms of insects. Then we have a clear and comprehensive definition of the class, with a full account of the external skeleton and its parts, the internal

anatomy, and the development from the egg to the perfect insect. Here two convenient terms, new to most readers, are used—"instar," to denote the form assumed at any given moult, and "stadium," for the interval between any two moults. The first instar is the newly hatched larva, and the first stadium is the period between the hatching out and the first moult. The phenomenon of metamorphosis—practically known to every schoolboy who has kept silkworms—is treated at length, and then follows the classification used by the author, with those of Packard and Brauer—that is to say, those used by American and German authors respectively.

Apart from the clearness of the scientific definitions the great charm of these volumes lies in the large amount of space devoted to what we may call the mental and moral side of insect life. Housewives hold the common cockroach in abhorrence; Dr. Sharp tells us that it makes rather an amusing pet, cleaning its limbs by passing a leg or an antenna through the mouth, or combing other parts of the body with the spines on the legs. Whence it is clear that

most of us have a good deal to learn about the cockroach. Passing

from toilet operations to weapons of offence, we find that the Mantids, or Praying Insects, are well equipped for their carnivorous mode of life. In the illustration the tarsus, or ast joint of the leg, is removed. A shows the extended tibia and femur armed with spines, and B the same parts of the limb, more highly magnified, closed as when this insect is in the act of seizing its prey.

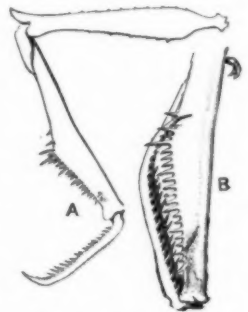


FIG. 1.—FRONT LEG OF A MANTID (*Empusa pauperata*)

<sup>1</sup> "Cambridge Natural History," Vol. v.: Peripatus, by Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S.; Myriapods, by F. G. Sinclair, M.A.; Insects, by David Sharp, M.A. Cantab., M.B. Edin., F.R.S. Vol. vi.: Insects, by David Sharp, M.A. Cantab., M.B. Edin., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

# The Natural History of Insects

Nature uses the same pattern over and over again, and similar armature may be found in insects of other orders and in some Crustaceans.

In dealing with remarkable leaf-insects, the author points out that the resemblance of some of these creatures to leaves is so close that it cannot be accounted for on the ground of utility; and he gives a peculiar case of the resemblance of one of the green grasshoppers (*Locustidæ*) recently discovered in the Soudan to an ant (fig. 2). Of course, the long hind-legs at once show the true character of the insect when seen from above (A) or from the side (B). But the general appearance is ant-like, and the stalked abdomen is simulated by a patch

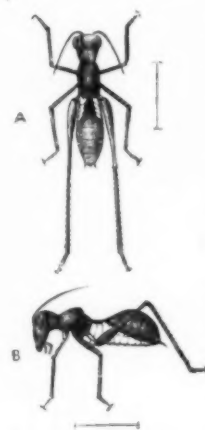


FIG. 2.—AN ANT-LIKE LOCUSTID

of white on the sides and under surface, so that, at a little distance, only the dark part is seen, and the abdomen appears to be joined to the thorax by a stalk or petiole. Before leaving the Orthoptera reference must be made to the auditory apparatus, which in many of them is found on the leg.



FIG. 3.—LEG OF MOLE CRICKET, FROM INSIDE  
c, ear-slit

In fig. 3 is shown the ear-slit of the mole cricket, now rare in England. As might be inferred from the possession of an auditory apparatus, the wing-cases constitute a musical instrument, the edge of one acting on the file of the other, when they are vibrated by the insect, and this vibration causes them to emit a dull jarring note.

There is an excellent chapter on the nerve-winged flies (*Neuroptera*), but we have only space to notice the extraordinary larva of the common lacewing fly

—of considerable importance, since these larvæ prey on aphides, or plant-lice. Their mouth-organs take the form of sucking-spears, with which they pierce their prey, and suck out the juices of the body. The illustration shows the claws, with a sucker-like apparatus between them (B), and this is again shown, more highly magnified (C). Its use is unknown. These larvæ may be found in almost any garden. The eggs of the fly are exceedingly curious, each being supported at the top of a long stalk. The present writer found during last summer fourteen of these eggs on the underside of a leaf.

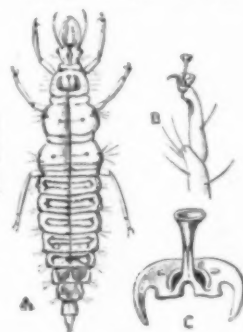


FIG. 4.—LARVA OF LACEWING FLY

With the bees, wasps, and ants (the largest part of the Hymenoptera), which constitute the highest order of insects in point of intellect, vol. vi. opens. We learn, incidentally, that Dr. Watts is scarcely a safe guide as to the habits of bees, which do not "gather honey." The author gently puts us right in this respect. "They really gather nectar, swallow it, so that it goes as far as the crop of their alimentary canal, called in English the honey-sac, and is regurgitated as honey. Bertrand states that the nectar when gathered is almost entirely pure saccharose, and that when regurgitated it is found to consist of dextrose and levulose; this change appears to be practically the conversion of cane into grape-sugar." So that bees are not mere gatherers, but manufacturers, whose alimentary canals are natural chemical laboratories.

Of the ants, Dr. Sharp says that we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they have acquired in many respects the art of living together in societies more perfectly than our own species has, and that they have anticipated us in the acquisition of some of the industries and arts that greatly facilitate social life. For most of the facts, by which this conclusion is abundantly justified, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

The common red ant of Eastern Asia (*Ecophila smaragdina*) forms nests and shelters of the leaves of trees, by curling

## The Natural History of Insects

the edges of the leaves and joining them together. In carrying out this operation, these insects make use of an expedient which would not be credited if it did not rest on the testimony of several competent and independent witnesses. The perfect insect

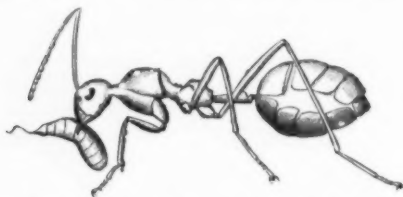


FIG. 5.—WORKER OF RED ANT USING LARVA  
FOR SPINNING

has no spinning glands, though the larva has. A number of workers pull down the leaf to the required position, when other workers come up, each holding a larva in its jaws, and apply the mouth of the larva to the parts to be held together. The secretion hardens on exposure to the air, and so fastens the part pulled down to the part beneath. If this be "instinct," one would like to know how it differs from intelligence.

There is a good account of the insects to be found in an ant's nest, classed as true guests, tolerated guests, hostile insects which maintain their footing in the nest, and parasites. Fig. 6 shows a small beetle, a true guest, not only tolerated, but fed and tended, soliciting food from an ant, which it strokes with its fore-leg. The ant feeds the beetle as it would feed an adult ant, by offering it a drop of liquid; while



FIG. 6.—BEETLE SOLICITING FOOD FROM AN ANT  
(After Wasmann)

the larvæ are fed in the fashion turkeys are crammed—the nourishment is forced into their mouths.

Beetles (Coleoptera) and butterflies (Lepidoptera) are treated at length. Then follow the two-winged flies (Diptera), reference being made to the injury inflicted on

man by some that act as carriers of disease. From this chapter we select a very curious method of depositing eggs adopted by *Atherix ibis*, and for which no reason can be assigned. The females deposit their eggs in common, and, dying as they do so, add their bodies to the common mass, which becomes an agglomeration, it may be, of thousands of individuals. They are always placed on a twig or bush overhanging water, into which the larvæ drop when they hatch out, and there complete their metamorphosis. In the "Field" of July 27, 1889, a mass found near Conover, in Shropshire, is figured, of the natural size—about three inches in diameter—together with some of the parasitic flies that were hatched out from the eggs of *Atherix*.

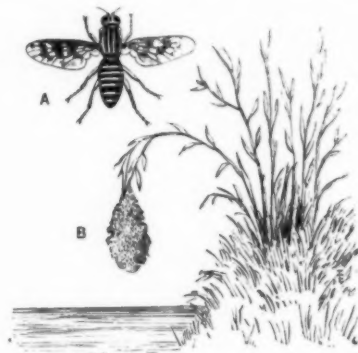


FIG. 7.—A, *Atherix ibis* (NATURAL SIZE).  
B, MASS OF DEAD FLIES (MUCH REDUCED)

These flies occur in some parts of England and Scotland, but are nowhere common in the United Kingdom.

The space we have devoted to these volumes is the best indication of our opinion of their worth. They contain 1,166 pages of text, 664 illustrations (of which, by the courtesy of the publishers, we have been able to give some specimens), and 42 pages of double-column index. We have considered them from the point of view of the amateur naturalist and the general reader who takes an intelligent interest in natural history. It would be quite as easy to regard them from the point of view of the serious student—for whom they undoubtedly constitute the best general text-book in the language.

HENRY SCHERREN.

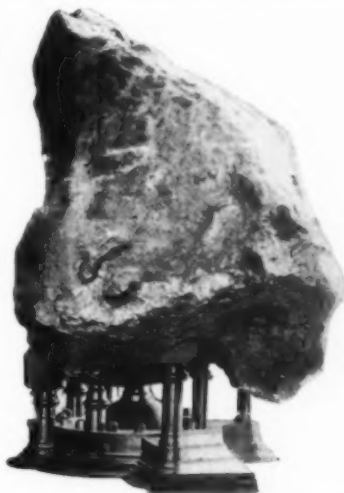


# Science and Discovery

## Meteors and Meteorites

THE recent showers of shooting stars give exceptional interest to the two accompanying pictures—one of a meteor photographed by Mr. C. P. Butler at South Kensington, and another of an immense meteorite in the collection of the British Museum (Natural History). Though several shooting stars may be seen on any fine night, large meteors or fireballs are comparatively rare. The one which Mr. Butler was fortunate enough to portray was as bright as Jupiter, and left a long trail, only part of which can be shown in a reproduction of the photograph. The picture shows that after the mass of which the meteor consisted had travelled a little distance through our atmosphere, an explosion occurred, and the products were thrown out from the central body. The explosion changed the direction of flight slightly, for it will be noticed that the long bright line on one side of the main mass is not in quite the same direction as the short one on the opposite side. Taking the height of the first appearance of the meteor to have been sixty miles, the extreme diameter of the area occupied by the matter expelled during the explosion would be about a mile. When the mass of rock constituting a meteor of this description is not entirely vaporised by the heat produced by friction against our atmosphere, it falls upon the earth, terrifying all who observe it. The British Museum collection of these "fallen stars" or meteorites, at South Kensington, is one of the finest in the world. The meteorite represented

in the accompanying illustration is in the collection; it weighs about three and a-half tons, and was found at Cranbourne, near Mel-



A METEORITE WEIGHING THREE AND A-HALF TONS

bourne. It is fortunate that such large meteoritic masses are not common, and that the earth's atmosphere protects us from bombardment by innumerable bodies of a similar kind.



SHOOTING STAR  
Photographed by Mr. C. P. Butler

## Effect of Cold and Warm Water on the Growth of Plants

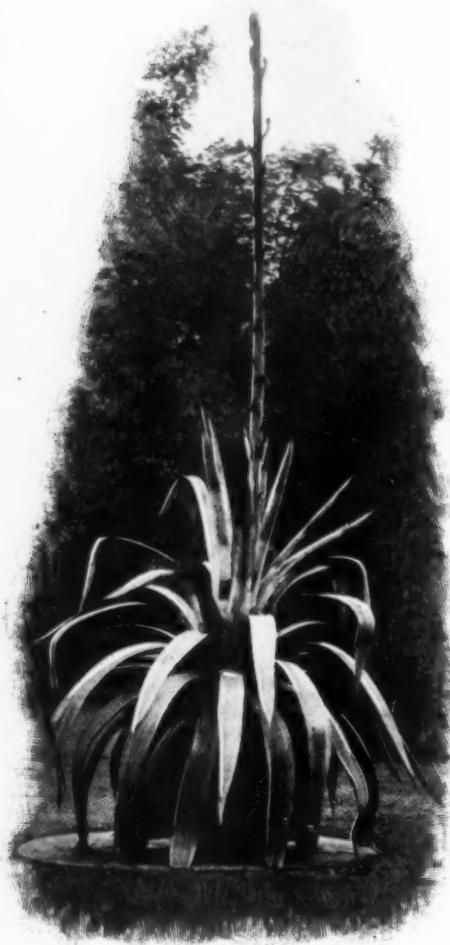
A NUMBER of experiments have been made by Mr. F. Craneheld to test the temperature of water best suited to the growth of certain plants under glass. Four sets of cuttings and plants were cultivated under exactly the same conditions except that the water applied to them was at the temperatures of 35°, 50°, 65°, and 86° F. respectively. After two years' work Mr. Craneheld has arrived at the conclusion that water at 35° F.—that is, only 3° above freezing-point—does not injure species of coleus, begonias, or geraniums. Similar plants treated with water at 50° were found to grow as well as those to which water at 65° and 85° was applied. This warm water produced an elongated or "drawn" growth, while cold water made the plants short-jointed and stocky, but well coloured and healthy. Though the plants given warm water grew taller they weighed slightly less than those given water at a temperature of 50°. In the case of tomato plants under glass, the best results were obtained with water at 65°.

## Science and Discovery

### Flowering of a "Century" Plant

By the courtesy of Mr. J. G. Branstons, of the Grange, Winthorpe, near Newark, reproductions are here given of two photographs of a "century plant" which flowered in his grounds during this summer. The plant is botanically known as *Agave Americana*, and it is remarkable on account of the fact that it only blossoms once in its life. The plant represented in the accompanying illustrations was given to Mr. Branstons's father in 1846, when it was five years old. It has been kept under glass during winter and in the open air during summer for nearly sixty years without producing any marked inflorescence. At the beginning of May, however, a long axis

began to arise from the centre of the plant, and a voluminous inflorescence eventually appeared upon it. The character of the inflorescence is shown in the second picture, which was taken on August 30, when the plant was in full bloom. The blooms began to fall off about a week later, and in the middle of September the leaves, which were once twelve feet across from one side of the plant to the other, shrivelled up and drooped down in the manner represented in the illustration. After the fruits have been produced from the flowers the "hundred years' aloe," as the plant is sometimes termed, always droops and dies away in this manner.



June 24, 1899, height 17 feet



August 30, height 23½ feet

A CENTURY PLANT

## Solid Hydrogen

ONE of the most important scientific announcements made at the recent meeting of the British Association was that Professor Dewar had succeeded in solidifying hydrogen. More than a year ago Professor Dewar liquefied this gas and found it to be a clear colourless liquid about fourteen times lighter than an equal quantity of ice-cold water. The liquid hydrogen was found to boil at a temperature equal to nearly  $432^{\circ}$  of frost—that is,  $400^{\circ}$  F. below zero. When any liquid passes into vapour—as, for instance, when a drop of spirit or other volatile liquid is placed upon the hand, cold is produced. Utilising this fact, Professor Dewar has caused liquid hydrogen to evaporate in a vacuum; and the cooling thus caused has been sufficient to freeze some liquid hydrogen in a vessel surrounding that in which the evaporation took place. The solid was formed at a temperature of about  $430^{\circ}$  F. below zero. It has a foam-like appearance, something like frozen water, and not at all like a frozen metal such as mercury. Hydrogen has long been considered by many chemists to be the gaseous condition of a metal, but Professor Dewar's experiments remove the last doubt as to the possibility of solid hydrogen having a metallic character, and for the future it must be classed among the non-metallic elements. The last of the so-called "permanent" gases has thus now been reduced to the solid form.

## Non-Flammable Wood

THE naval battles of the war between China and Japan in 1894, as well as those in the recent American-Spanish war, have shown that fire is still a serious factor in naval engagements unless special precautions are taken. Three of the Chinese warships during the first of these conflicts, and a number of Spanish men-of-war in the battles of Manila and Santiago, were burnt to the water's edge, owing to the woodwork being set on fire by the shot and shell from the opposing fleets. More than one of the American ships, on the other hand, being constructed of non-flammable wood, although shot through and through, received no injury from fire. Mr. E. Marshall Fox described in a paper at the British Association meeting at Dover how such properties as these are imparted to wood. The timber is placed in tightly closed cylinders and submitted to alternate applications of heat and steam, after which the air is exhausted and a fire-proofing solution—an important ingredient of which is phosphate of ammonia—is admitted. By the help of pressure pumps the liquid is forced into the pores of the wood. After the wood has become thoroughly impregnated, the water of the solution is got rid of by heat, crystals of the dissolved substances being deposited in the pores. When completely dried at an even temperature in currents of dry air the wood is found to successfully resist fire. While white

pine, elm, and English oak readily lend themselves to this treatment, teak, American pitch-pine, and other wood rich in resin or oil, have not been satisfactorily acted upon. The success of the experiments should lead to an early use of non-flammable wood for ordinary structural purposes.—R. A. GREGORY.

## A New Electric Lamp

A WELL-KNOWN electric-lighting company have introduced an electric lamp which is designed to keep the light from entering the eyes direct and throwing it on the desk or table. The lamp is in the form of a revolving drum or barrel, B, protected above by a metal shield and fitted with a reflector, R, which throws the light downwards and also shades the eyes. Fig. 1 shows a portable arrangement of the new lamp, and fig. 2 its adaptation to a music-stand. Obviously it is also well suited for pulpits, reading-tables, and so on.—J. M.

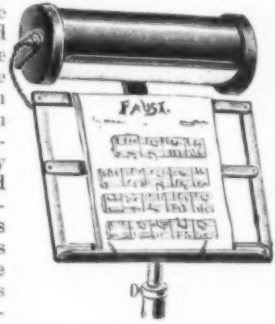


FIG. 2.—MUSIC-STAND ELECTRIC LIGHT

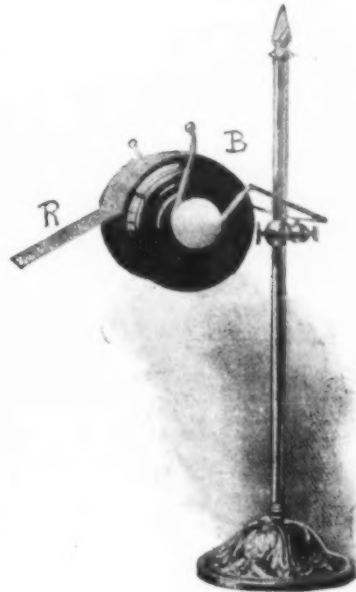


FIG. 1.—ELECTRIC LIGHT ON STAND



## Over-Sea Notes

### The Twelfth United States Census

PREPARATIONS are now being made at Washington for the United States census which is to be taken in 1900. The director of the census was appointed early in 1899, and within a few weeks after his appointment he had at work a staff of one hundred and twenty-five clerks, busily engaged with the enormous mass of preliminary work. In previous years the census staff has been housed in any temporary buildings which were available in Washington, and the staff of clerks and the documents on which they were at work were scattered about the city. For the census of 1900 a permanent fireproof building has been erected. It is specially designed for the work connected with the census. It is a one-storeyed building lighted from the sides and the roof, and affords desk room for three thousand clerks. Nearly this number will be employed for twelve or fifteen months after the census papers begin to come in from the enumerators. There is already an army of applicants for positions in the census bureau, but to equalise the distribution of this patronage the plan is adopted of assigning so many clerkships to each State, in accordance with its population at the last census.

The census of 1900 will be what the Americans call a bi-partisan census; because the enumera-

tors in the States will be drawn from both political parties. They will be appointed on the recommendation of the Senators and Congressmen. In recent years when the census has been taken, all the enumerators have been of the Republican party, as this party, since 1861, has always happened to be in power when the year for taking the census came round. When the Act for the Census of 1900 was passed the Democratic members of the Senate insisted that some share of the official spoils should go to the Democrats, and as the Republicans were then weak in the Senate, and could not have passed the bill had the Democrats held out against it, the bi-partisan plan had to be adopted. In the past, party politics have made the census data far from reliable, as the Republicans have always sought to show from census data that their policy with respect to protection was a success. This time a strong Republican partisan with no experience whatever as a statistician is at the head of the Census Bureau, and notwithstanding the bi-partisan plan of selecting the enumerators, scientific statisticians are not enamoured of the outlook for a really satisfactory census. The census of 1890 cost \$11,000,000, and it is estimated that the enumeration alone for the census of 1900 will cost \$5,000,000.—E. P.

### A Negro Appeal

OF the several appeals which were put forward by the National Afro-American Council when it met at Chicago, the two most remarkable were those which asked the trade unions not to rule out an applicant for membership on account of his colour, and the appeal addressed to Anglo-Saxons generally to liberate themselves from the colour prejudice and give the negro an equal chance in the race of life.

Hitherto all the trade unions of the United States have excluded negroes, and even in those trades where the unions have no power there is a prejudice against the negro which restricts him to the hardest and roughest kind of work.

In the Southern States there are several well-known educational institutions, such as Hampton and Tuskegee, which train the negroes for industrial work. But a graduate from one of these schools, however well-trained and capable he may be as a workman, finds little opportunity for following any trade he may have learned if he leaves the Southern States. In the South the negro may be seen at work as a carpenter or a bricklayer. North of Washington, there is no field for him in these lines of work. White artisans refuse to work side by side with him. Nearly every employment is closed to him except that of menial work or day labour.

It is the same in the factories. A negro boy seldom gets an opportunity at a bench or a lathe; and in the cotton and woollen towns of New England, one can go through factory after factory without seeing a single negro man or negro woman at work at the spinning frames or the looms. This work is open to new-comers from French Canada, and from the Portuguese islands in the Atlantic, who can speak little English, but the prejudice against colour closes it to men and women of the negro race, who have been born and spent their lives in these industrial centres. Employers realise that the prejudice exists; and while most American employers tolerate no interference in the internal management of their concerns on the part of trade unions, they yield without question to the race prejudice.

Politically the negro is worse off in the United States to-day than at any time since he was enfranchised thirty-five years ago. His entire exclusion from political rights, so far as these rights concern the franchise, would, however, be but a trifling disadvantage compared with the race prejudice which so greatly restricts his industrial opportunities and keeps him in the ranks of unskilled labour.—E. P.

### Reading-Rooms for the Blind

THE new Congressional Library of the United States Congress has a reading-room for the blind. Nearly every edition of the works of standard authors printed in raised characters is supplied to the library in duplicate, because of the copyright law. The duplicate is available in this public reading-room. Other libraries throughout the States are reported as now following the lead of the Congressional Library.

### Australian Federation

THE Federation of the Australian Colonies is now assured. Of the six States which propose to

unite, five have already answered in the affirmative, with majorities as follows:

New South Wales	24,679
Victoria	142,848
Queensland	5,297
South Australia	48,937
Tasmania	12,646

The total voting to date is:

For Federation	373,365
Against	138,958
Majority for Union	234,407

The only other State to come into the Federal Union is West Australia, where public feeling is considerably divided on the question. The old residents are not supposed to be favourable, while on the gold fields, where the population is mostly from the Eastern Colonies, the vote would be almost unanimously in the affirmative. The warm friends of the cause throughout Australia are hopeful that in the end the Western Colony will join as an original State and thus make the whole land "one and indivisible."

Already the Enabling Bills are being presented to Her Majesty's representatives for transmission "home," where doubtless the British Houses of Legislature will expedite matters as much as possible, so that it is not unreasonable to hope that by the end of next year the new Governor-General will have arrived from England and the first Federal Parliament have begun its sittings.

Great and material benefits are expected to result at once from union. The vexatious border duties between the Colonies will be swept away, and an enormous impetus given to trade and commerce in every department. Already there are indications that the Colonies are entering upon a period of great prosperity, which will be the more appreciated and the more wisely enjoyed after the financial reverses through which they passed some half-dozen years ago.

Better still, the outlook of the people will become more extended and their national aspirations wonderfully enlarged. In the work of obtaining the vote on the Union question, the members of the Australian Natives Association have done splendid service, and in a very short time the whole of the legislative functions of Australia will come into the hands of those who have either been born in the Colonies or have spent the greater part of their lives there; and those who know Australians best are confident that the future career of the new nation will be guided along the lines of the best traditions of the mother-country.—A. J. W.



## Over-Sea Notes

### The Rulers of China

THE action of the Empress Dowager in usurping the power of the Emperor was only popular among the ignorant and incompetent conservatives, who were in danger of being removed by the Emperor. The actual power is at present wielded by three men. Yung Luh was placed by the Empress Dowager just before the *coup d'état* at the head of the Chinese army; Kang Yih, who joined Yung Luh in executing the six reformers, is now in Central China raising money for the use of the Central Government. He is impoverishing all local institutions, and especially colleges for Western learning, so that there is a widespread feeling of opposition and dislike to him, and, through him, of the policy of the Empress Dowager. The first man, Yung Luh, having the Chinese army under his control, is in danger of using his power if he does not get his way. Prince Ching, however, is head of the Manchu army, which is much inferior in number to the Chinese. These three are the men of power. Not being able to check Yung Luh, the Empress Dowager has favoured an alliance between Prince Ching and Japan. Troubles of a grave nature are feared in and about Peking when these three great Manchus are each pulling a different way from the other.—A. B.

### The Tsaritsa

It is of course most difficult to get reliable information about the rulers of Russia. They are surrounded with a triple wall of ministers, courtiers, and officials, through whose ranks little that is really personally interesting reaches the outside world. But what we know of the present Tsar and Tsaritsa in their home life leads us to believe that the imperial pair are united by ties of the closest affection, and that not a cloud arises to disturb their domestic felicity. The Tsaritsa, under her Russian name of Alexandra Fedorovna, has become one of the most popular persons in Russia. Her German extraction is forgotten. She is a woman filled with the noblest intentions, and the most thriving philanthropic institutions in St. Petersburg owe their renewed life to her wise and fostering care. But it is in her private life that she shows to best advantage. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking German, French, English, and Italian fluently, and able also to make a creditable appearance in Russian—the most difficult of

European languages. The Tsaritsa is also an accomplished musician, and her voice, a finished soprano, has been carefully trained by Herr Herborn, one of the best teachers in Germany. A perfect cook, a mistress of the various arts of embroidery, her hands are always full, and it is when occupied with the details of her household that the Tsar finds her most charming and



THE TSARITSA

lovable. Alexandra Fedorovna is a tender mother. Her three daughters are a joy to her, and every detail of their upbringing comes under her eye. A rather amusing anecdote of the Tsaritsa's care for her children appeared in the Darmstadt newspapers a few days ago. The Empress objects to wet nurses, so shortly before the last child was born two cows were ordered from Switzerland to supply the little grand-duchess with nutriment. When the journey to Darmstadt was decided on, one of the cows was sent on to the little German town and the other travelled in the imperial train. The utmost care was taken in the selection of the cows, and their food and care is a matter of the liveliest concern to the Tsaritsa. Those who have been admitted to the intimate circles of the Russian court say it is one of the prettiest sights in the world to see the Tsar, after the toils of the day, sitting by the fireside playing with his eldest daughter Olga, the Tsaritsa at his side at her wonderful embroidery, or occupied in playing over some new piece of music which has been sent her by her relatives in Darmstadt. Both Tsar and Tsaritsa speak English perfectly, and for the first year or so of their married life they communicated with one another in this language. Now, of course, they speak Russian together.—M. A. M.

# Letters from the Editor's Post-bag

## OUR EISTEDDFOD, AND HOW IT WAS ARRANGED

**W**E are Londoners. When it was proposed that we should have an Eisteddfod in connection with our Literary Society, some of us had to ask for an explanation of such an unpronounceable function. Our president was a Scotsman, but with a little practice he managed to announce our preliminary meetings in a manner that would have escaped all but Welsh criticism.

Yet it is easy enough. Once get into your mind the fact that *dd* in Welsh is *th*, and that *f* has the sound of *v*, the word then becomes easily pronounced as *Ice-TETH-vod*, with the accent on the second syllable.

It signifies an ancient meeting of bards and minstrels held in various parts of Wales for competing for prizes and titles of various kinds. The scope of an Eisteddfod has been considerably extended in its descent from the Welsh mountains to the more prosaic soil of England, and it now covers competitions in needlework, cookery, a spelling bee, and many other subjects far removed from those in which the old bards and minstrels contended.

The first business in arranging our Eisteddfod was the election of a representative committee. The minister and organist and the secretary of the Literary Society were essential. These, with three of our lady friends, a schoolmaster, and last, but not least, a Welshman, constituted the committee. No ornamental members were included. All were willing and able to work, for there was plenty to do, and some delicate questions to decide, before the successful *finale* should be reached.

The committee secured, its first work was to arrange the *programme*. We divided ours into four sections:

### 1. Musical

- (a) Vocal.
- (b) Instrumental.
- (c) Composition.

### 2. Literary

### 3. Miscellaneous

Fretwork, woodcarving, needlework—plain and fancy.

### 4. Junior Section

Then the *rules*, as to entrance fees, prizes, etc., and the limit of date for entries (not later than a fortnight before date of Eisteddfod), needed to be definitely fixed.

Most important of all, the committee had to arrange the *judges* for each section. We selected these from ladies and gentlemen unconnected

with our Society, so that there should be no suspicion of partiality.

The judges then made their selection of *items* for the various competitions. The musical section included solos for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices; duets, a quartet, and a choir piece for not less than ten or more than fourteen voices. In instrumental music were pianoforte solos, prepared and at sight, and a violin solo.

The literary section included recitations, open to gentlemen only and to ladies only, essays, an original poem, a spelling bee, an impromptu speech, etc.

*Prizes* next had to be sought. Some friends promised books and suitable articles. But the most acceptable donations were those received in cash, as we were thus able to offer prizes of a certain value to be chosen by the successful competitors. A small entrance fee was also charged, which produced a very respectable addition to the prize fund.

Having reached the limit of date for competitors to enter their names, the all-important matter of the *order* in which they should compete had to be decided. This was settled by ballot. Our secretary wrote out the name of each competitor, in each event, on a slip of cardboard, and carefully enveloped these names for each competition. A committee meeting was held, and two friends, not members of the committee, were requested to attend and conduct the ballot. Very solemnly this was done. It was necessary to be exact in this, for it makes a serious difference to a nervous competitor whether he competes first or last. The names for the first competition were placed in a hat, and, without looking, the drawer took them out one at a time, and the order in which they came was carefully registered. So with each of the other competitions.

Then came the difficulty of the *number of competitors* for many of the events. Should they be heard by the judges before the night of meeting, or should we trust the audience to endure listening to each competition, and have each judged in public? After long discussion we decided that it was unfair to deny competitors the inspiration of an audience, however weary the listeners might become. This decision, of course, made it necessary to extend the Eisteddfod over more than one evening. In fact, we had to give three evenings, one each week, for the competitions, and a fourth for the distribution of the prizes. The competitors were strictly limited to members of our Literary Society, the junior section to scholars in our

## Letters from the Editor's Post-bag

own schools. To throw open the competitions to the public seemed unfair to our own members.

We charged a small admission fee each evening, and on each occasion the room was filled. The interest evinced by the audience in the competitions was most remarkable, considering that they had to listen to the same piece, or recitation, in some cases a dozen times repeated. The difference between the rendering of one competitor and that of another was so marked that our friends were able to flatter themselves that they were judging. They certainly did judge by their applause, not always in the same way as the official adjudicators.

Each competitor was kept locked up in a vestry until his or her turn came, so that each arrived on the platform quite unconscious of the success or mistakes of those who had preceded him. It was extremely interesting, in all the competitions, to watch the audience waiting for the difficult passage in the song, recitation, or pianoforte solo, at which previous competitors had stumbled, or to note the applause which greeted a successful surmounting of the difficulty. The competitions were educational to the audience as well as to the competitors, who had

spent considerable time in special study and practice.

For each evening a programme was printed, giving the events and the names of the competitors, in the order in which the ballot had placed them. The second and third evenings' programmes also contained the names of the prize-winners at the previous meetings.

Ours was not a model Eisteddfod, and it is only given as a suggestion to other similar societies who have not yet tried such a harmless educational contest. There were heartburnings on the part of those that failed. There was criticism of the judgments of the adjudicators. We could not please all. We could only console the unsuccessful with this parody of a familiar couplet, that

"'Twas better to have tried and failed,  
Than never to have tried at all."

No serious difficulty or permanent ill-feeling was experienced, and it was agreed that a most enjoyable series of intellectual evenings had been spent; and the ancient Principality was thanked for another contribution to the happiness of her English brothers and sisters.

E. H. S.



### Music and Words

SANTLEY, in his "Reminiscences," says of his master (Nava) at the Conservatoire in Milan: "He insisted that the object of music was to give greater expression and emphasis to the words, and for this reason never allowed a syllable to be neglected."

### Singing Moral and Mental

WRITING to a friend in 1885, Jenny Lind said: "Singing is as much moral and mental as it is mechanical."—*Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt.*

### Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity

"If you would found durable institutions," says Lacordaire. "write above the word 'liberty' 'obedience'; above 'equality' 'hierarchy';

above 'fraternity' 'veneration'; above the august symbol of rights, the Divine symbol of duty."

### No Time to Make Money

To an offer to lend himself to a legitimate and tempting financial scheme, Agassiz replied: "I have no time to make money."—*Holder's Life of Agassiz.*

### An Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth

It was said by them of old time, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." And this was said, St. Augustine well points out, not to foster revenge, but to check it (*contra Faustum*, xix. 25). The natural tendency of the injured person is to do unto the offender as he has done, and more also.—*On Right and Wrong. By W. S. Lilly.*

## Marry for Love and Work for Money

SIR WALTER SCOTT, writing in 1815 to Joanna Baillie, says of his son Walter: "As for Walter, poor fellow, I hope he will marry for love and work for money. . . . The happiest marriages I have seen have been those which began under circumstances which required economy."—*Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*

## Bath and Wells

THE Bishop of Bath and Wells was entered in the book of a French hotel as "L'Evêque de Bain et Puits," and the Bishop of Sodor and Man as "L'Evêque du Siphon et d'Homme!"—*Memories of Dean Hole*.

## Advice of Erasmus to a Student

"READ first the best books on the subject which you have in hand. Why learn what you will have to unlearn? Why overload your mind with too much food, or with poisonous food? The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day, and give to each part of it a special occupation. . . . Never work at night; it dulls the brain and hurts the health. Remember above all things that nothing passes away so rapidly as youth."—*Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus*.

## Flogging the Father

DR. A. K. H. BOYD, in his "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews," relates a story told by Dr. Moberly, Bishop of Salisbury, who had been for thirty years Head-master of Winchester. The story was of an unnamed Head-master (whom Dr. Boyd thought he could recognise) to whom a foolish man came with many complaints about his boy at school. The man ended by asking, "What would you do in such a case?" The answer was, "Flog the father."

## Thomas Carlyle on the Colonies and Immigration

IN a letter written to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Parkes of Sydney, in 1867, Carlyle says: "I have been greatly shocked and surprised to hear that there is now—owing to abuses of the land law, and to internal intrigues—next to no immigration to your huge colonial continent of late; and that your majority by count of heads don't want any! . . . Nowhere in all my historical inquiries have I met such an instance of human meanness, short-sighted, barefaced cupidity, and total want of even the pretension to patriotism, on the part of any governing entity, plebeian or princely! King Bomba, the Grand Duke, Great Mogul, and even the King of Dahomey, may hide their diminished heads!"—*Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History*. By Sir Henry Parkes.

## Vacation Playgrounds in American Cities

THOSE who have studied child life in cities, says the New York "Outlook," have seen the evil effects of street life on children and have noted the increase in the number of minors arrested during the summer term. To combat these evils associations were formed to secure special privileges in parks and on recreation piers, and the use of school buildings, as well as the use of private property which offered space that could be equipped with shelters, swings, etc., to be used by the children under expert supervision. The work in New York and Boston has been developed especially for boys, outdoor gymnasiums having been equipped, with directors who train boys individually and in groups. The result has been just what was anticipated—a marked decrease in the number of arrests of minors in all cities where this summer work has been established. For girls there are, in some of the playgrounds, sewing, picture cutting and mounting, quiet games, reading aloud. There are also quiet rooms where books are provided for those who wish to read to themselves. For the little ones there are kindergarten features, the extent depending on the environment and the equipment of the playground. In the playgrounds under the Board of Education the educational features are distinctively preserved.

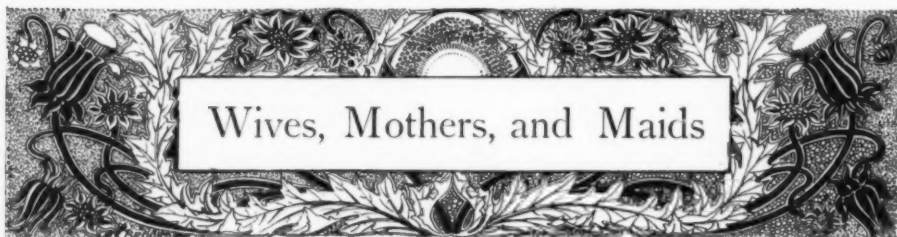
## Astronomical Notes for December

THE Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 7h. 45m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 58m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 58m., and sets at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st he rises at 8h. 6m., and sets at 3h. 51m. The day of the winter solstice is the 22nd, as the Sun is vertical over the tropic of Capricorn about 1 o'clock in the morning, making that the shortest day in the northern hemisphere and the longest in the southern, though of course there is no appreciable difference between it and the 21st. The Moon becomes New about 48 minutes past midnight on the 2nd; enters her First Quarter at 9h. 3m. on the evening of the 9th; becomes Full at 1h. 31m. on the morning of the 17th; and enters her Last Quarter at 3h. 57m. on that of the 25th. She will be in perigee, or nearest to the Earth, about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, an hour before midnight on the 22nd. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 3rd, at a time corresponding to the early morning at Greenwich; the line of centrality will be almost wholly within the antarctic circle, and the eclipse will be visible (as a small partial one) only in the south-west of Australia, part of New Zealand, and some other islands. A large partial eclipse of the Moon will occur on the night of the 16th, the middle of which (when very nearly the whole of the Moon will be obscured) will take place at 1h. 26m., Greenwich time, on the morning of the 17th; it will be visible over Europe, Africa, and the eastern part of America.

## Varieties

No other special phenomena of importance are due this month. Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 6th and at greatest western elongation from him on Christmas Day, so that the planet will be visible before sunrise during the second half of the month, situated in the constellation Scorpio. Venus is visible as an evening star for a short time after sunset, but low in the heavens in the northern hemisphere, on account

of her great southern declination; during the greater part of the month she is in the constellation Sagittarius, but towards the end of it moves into Capricornus. Mars is not visible in any part of this month; Jupiter begins to be visible in the early morning towards the end of it, situated near the boundary of the constellations Libra and Scorpio. Saturn is not visible this month, being in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 18th.—W. T. LYNN.



### Wives, Mothers, and Maids

#### TALKS IN COUNCIL

ARE Christmas presents a failure? The question will be answered affirmatively or negatively, according to the point of view. Unquestionably it is good for us periodically, at recurrent intervals, to take thought of the conditions and necessities of others, to make a habit of self-taxation that the more unhappy may be better served, but the national characteristic of excess in everything we do renders the Christmas time to many householders not a period of joy but of despair. We wander through miles of shops redolent of dolls from Holland, dolls from France, dolls from Japan; discordant with woolly baa-lambs as large as life, impeded by camels that kneel and donkeys that wag their heads; amid tired saleswomen grown wan with long hours under the electric light. As we think of the countless hands needed to fashion all this trumpery, and the wealth poured out to purchase it at this season, because a little Child, wrapped in the humble garments of the poor, lay in a manger when the first Christmas-day broke, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, we see an incongruity somewhere!

The pleasure gifts afford is due to two conditions: first, their unexpectedness; second, their supplying a felt want. The average Christmas present surprises no one. The householder finds its bestowal on his or her part as inevitable as the income-tax or water-rate; the recipient knows it is a certainty and, if young, wonders whether it will take the shape of toys, books, or pocket-money; if older, whether it will consist of clothing, jewellery, or what not; while the desiring of one kind of gift and the receiving of another is inevitably productive of disappointment.

Who is made glad by Christmas presents? Not the overworked producer of unnecessary things; not the tired vendors in the fever-heated Christmas sale-rooms; not the neighbour who exchanges a pincushion for a case of scissors, or a tea-cosy for the latest thing in purses; not the schoolboy who gets a banjo when he wanted a pocket pistol; or the schoolgirl who receives a parcel of books when she expected a watch-bracelet.

There is no country in which Christmas giving is so reasonable as in Germany, because there it is done intelligently, with a knowledge of the requirements of each recipient. There is quite a business, carried on secretly for weeks before Christmas, of finding out in every household what each member would like—who really requires useful things, who would be made glad by an ornament or enriched by an article of wearing apparel. There one can say cordially what is so often said politely but insincerely here: "You have given me the very thing I wanted."

Servants give presents to their employers in Germany, and what a bridge that simple circumstance throws over the gulf that yawns so widely in this country between the kitchen and the drawing-room! Here servants club together to give a present on the occasion of a marriage in the family, just when giver and recipient are about to part; it is presented with some timidity on one side and received with some discomfort on the other, and the circumstance does nothing to draw the interested persons any nearer on the platform of a common humanity.

Probably it is the national wealth of England



## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

which causes the humbler class to fear the attempt at being kind, or perhaps it is some natural dulness which leads its members to imagine that payers of wages can purchase anything they want, and that the household purse-bearer would only value that which costs a good deal of money. Be that as it may, there is scarcely one house in a hundred where servants, however long they have lived under the same roof, or however good a home in the best sense they may have found there, ever think that a flower they had purchased or a trifle they had worked would be more appreciated as an evidence of the feeling the mistress desired to cultivate among her handmaidens, than all the articles from outsiders which will come in return for those she sends forth. Servants live with the same employer for years, perhaps a score; receive their Christmas presents, go on their Christmas outing, post their Christmas cards and parcels, but never think of leaving a Christmas wish on the family breakfast-table, or adding a green leaf to the Christmas decorations. This may be due to diffidence, but, since it is human to be sentimental, it probably does as much as anything to make the housemistress feel herself the sole burden-bearer at the festive season. Where Christmas presents are universal and national, circulating among high and low, rich and poor, they acquire the significance of a general service or sacrifice; where they comprehend utilities that will be of protracted use or pleasure to their possessors, they pass out of the region of wastefulness. Meantime millions are spent annually at the Christmas season to foster prodigality and induce dyspepsia among British subjects. But custom decrees it and the nation bows to its voice.

Until the reign of Charles I Christmas in England was kept with pageantry, and royalty feasted and entertained like a modern Lord Mayor; but in the latter part of the reign of King Charles an attempt was made to abolish this annual celebration, and in 1647 the parish officers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were fined for allowing service to be held in that church. In June of the same year Parliament decreed that Christmas holidays should be abolished, servants and other employes being granted holidays on the second Tuesday of each month instead. Religious services at Christmas were strongly prohibited during the Commonwealth, persons attending church on Christmas-day being arrested, fined, and imprisoned. After the Restoration Christmas customs assumed somewhat their present unceremonious sociality; some features were falling into desuetude, when Dickens took his prolific pen and magically revived in the minds of the middle class a consciousness that it was their duty to feed sumptuously and be jolly, in commemoration of the song the angels sang. As a matter of fact, Christmas, as now observed, is often a failure; in country places we can still feel the sweetness and sacredness of the anniversary, but in towns the celebration proves burdensome to many,

though we have not yet arrived at a demand for the intervention of Parliament to ease the yoke.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Illox.*—To make icing for cakes, take 1 lb. icing sugar, the whites of four eggs, and 1 oz. starch. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, gradually sift in the sugar and the starch (finely powdered). Beat the moisture smooth, then with a broad, flat knife (an ivory paper-knife answers well) spread the icing over the cakes. Return to a cool oven to dry and harden; the icing must not be permitted to brown. If the icing is put on the cakes directly they are taken out of the oven it will be dry and hard before the cakes are cool, and will not require more baking.

*May Carr.*—You cannot make useful things unless you employ good materials. There is misapprehension on the subject of paper counterpanes. They are sometimes given to the poor because they cost little, and because it is believed that it will be impossible to pawn them for drink. Paper prevents the escape of warmth from the body, but it also prevents ventilation, and should not therefore be habitually used. When people suffer from cold a large sheet of paper may be spread between the blankets and quilt with advantage until some better covering can be procured for regular use, but as a matter of charity the bestowal of paper blankets is not to be recommended.

*San Jacapo.*—Flannelette can be washed like calico, and may be soaped and boiled. It loses its fluffy appearance after washing, and I know of no process that will enable it to retain this.

*Chilblain.*—If the chilblain is not broken, use a lotion composed of 1 drachm iodine in 3 oz. rectified spirits of wine; apply with a brush once daily. Should the chilblain be broken or ulcerated, warm poultices of linseed meal should be applied for about three days; the sores must then be dressed with basilicon ointment till they granulate.

*H. H. B.*—Photographs are best mounted with thin starch or fine glue, the application to be hot. The photographs should first be damped by leaving them for an hour or more between sheets of damp blotting-paper. Then apply the glue or starch thinly and evenly and lay them on the book, pressing down with a clean duster. When more than one page is done at a time, dry blotting-paper should be laid between the leaves. The book should then be shut and placed under heavy pressure till dry. The drying process may be accelerated by substituting fresh sheets of blotting-paper every few hours, and again replacing the book under pressure.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers should be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row,

London, E.C.

It is desirable that such communications reach the office not later than the 12th of each month when early replies are required.

# The Fireside Club

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

### PRIZE QUOTATIONS

#### On the Ideal

"A large class of Englishmen are getting weary of the dominion of Consols and divine commonsense, and coming to believe that eternal 3 per cent. is not the chief end of man."—*Lowell*.

"The more we improve, the higher we rise, the nobler we conceive that unseen world which is in us and about us."—*Bagehot*.

"Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the heart of beasts."—*Sir T. Browne*.

"O banner . . .

(Passionately seen and yearned for by one poor little child,

While others remain busy or smartly talking, forever teaching thrift, thrift) . . .

Out of reach, an idea only."—*Whitman*.

"Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,  
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam."  
*M. Arnold*.

"Idealism is the attempt to imitate things as the mind interprets them."—*Symonds*.

"Hope and love address themselves to a perfection never realised, and yet, firmly held, they become the salt and staff of life."—*Stevenson*.

*Our readers are invited to send in quotations from their favourite authors on a given subject each month. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded for the best. The subject this month is "Conventionality." See rules for competitors below.*

### BOUT-RIMÉ VERSES WANTED

A Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is offered for the best set of Bouts-Rimés (in any measure) consisting of not less than six and not more than fourteen lines, ending with any of the following words, or with rhymes to them, no other end rhymes being admissible. The subject of the Competition is

#### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY,

and the lines must end with *Time, Land, War, Peace*, or words rhyming with any of these. See rules for competitors below.

### HIDDEN AUTHORS

A prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best answers in this series of four hidden authors, begun last month and completed here. One mark is given for each missing word correctly given, and the competitor scoring highest wins, even though he may not have found all. See rules below.

### Third

1. "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his . . .  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific."
2. "No woods were green enough, no bowers  
divine,  
Until thou liftedst up thine . . . fine."
3. "Open afresh your round of starry folds  
Ye . . . marigolds."
4. "Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent  
His spirit to the sorrow of the . . ."
5. "Blissfully havened both from joy and pain  
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims  
pray,  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should . . . and be a bud  
again."

*The initials of missing words give the name of the poet of whom it was written :*

*"He is a portion of the loveliness,  
Which once he made more lovely."*

### Fourth

1. "Death is no foe to virtue; earth has seen  
Love's brightest roses on the . . . bloom."
2. "The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as . . . in me."
3. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,  
Each flame of it is as a precious stone  
Dissolved in . . . light."
4. "Common as light is . . .  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."
5. "Whatever . . . in Earth or Heaven may shine  
Are portions of one power, which is mine."
6. "Meet from every point of heaven, as bees  
From every flower aerial . . . feeds."
7. "A metaphor of Spring, and . . . and Morning,  
A vision like incarnate April, warning  
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
Into his summer grave."

*The initials of missing words give the name of one who has been well called "the master lyrist of our race."*

*In each of the above acrostics the initials of missing words spell the name of the author quoted. Give the missing words, and the sources of the quotations.*

Answers in the foregoing competitions must be received at the office of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, not later than the 20th of the month. They must be addressed to the Editor, and have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope.

Write very distinctly on one side of paper only. No papers can be returned, nor is private correspondence possible.

# Our Chess Page

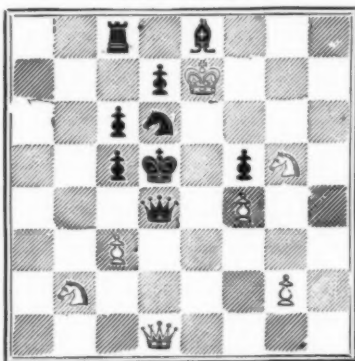
TEN GUINEAS IN PRIZES (Open to Amateurs only)

## PROBLEM-SOLVING COMPETITION

As announced last month we offer **Five Guineas** in prizes for the best batches of solutions of five problems to be published in the first three parts of the *New LEISURE HOUR*. The first problem appeared last month, but solutions of it will be received up to December 15. Problems II. and III., both by expert composers, will be found below.

### PROBLEM II., BY W. C. BOWYER

BLACK—9 men

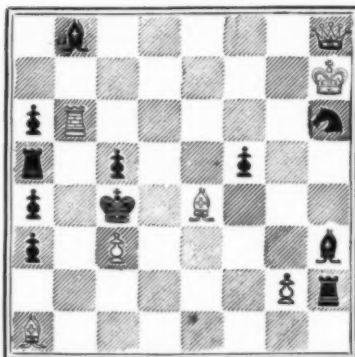


WHITE—7 men.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### PROBLEM III., BY R. TEICHMANN

BLACK—11 men



WHITE—7 men

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solutions to both these problems to be sent in by January 1, 1900.

**Conditions.** Solutions must be clearly written in the English notation, on one side of the paper only, and must be headed by the name and address of the sender.

They must also be sent in month by month, and not kept until the fifth problem has been published.

## Brilliant Games. Five Guineas in prizes:

**Two Guineas** for the most brilliant game played in the London League Competition, any division, between October 23 and December 31, 1899, and

**Three Guineas** for the two most brilliant amateur match games played within the same time anywhere in the United Kingdom outside London. First prize, two guineas; second prize, one guinea.

**Conditions.** The prizes will only be awarded to the winners of the games in question, each of whom must send in a clearly written score and give all particulars of the match in which the game was played.

No game received after January 7, 1900, will be considered.

## Chess Notes

Perhaps the greatest novelty of the chess season so far has been the match between the Ladies' Chess Club and a strong team of the City Chess Club, the latter conceding the odds of a knight at every board. The experiment ended disastrously for the ladies, who did not win a single game, though two of them succeeded in making a draw.

The first County match in the Southern Counties Annual Competition took place on October 28, Kent and Surrey meeting at the City Club. Surrey won the match by 11½ games to 4½.

Both these Associations are more flourishing than ever, the subscription being merely nominal in order to attract the largest possible number of players. The Secretaries, Mr. T. H. Moore (Surrey), 10 Lorne Road, Brixton, and Mr. W. W. White (Kent), 40 Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E., are always glad to enrol new members and to give any information concerning their respective Associations.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.

# The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## FORTY POUNDS OFFERED IN PRIZES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The following prizes, announced in our November number, are still open.

### ESSAY COMPETITION

1. MEMORY. HOW CAN IT BEST BE CULTIVATED?  
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**; Third Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.
2. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR LEISURE TIME IN WINTER?  
Four Prizes of **a Guinea each**, two for residents in a town or city, and two for residents in a rural district.
3. EXERCISE FOR SEDENTARY PEOPLE. HOW TO GET ENOUGH FOR HEALTH WITHIN A SHORT TIME, AND WITHOUT STRAIN.  
Two Prizes of **a Guinea each**, one for a man, and one for a woman.
4. THE BEST ESTIMATE FOR LIVING ON AN INCOME OF £300 A YEAR.  
Four Prizes of **a Guinea each**, one for a single man; one for a single woman; one for a couple without family; one for a couple with family.
5. ESSAY ON "MY FAVOURITE BOOKS."  
First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.
6. ESSAY ON "THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT SCARCITY OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS."  
Open to women only. First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

### ART

7. THE BEST COPY, IN WATER-COLOURS OR OILS, OF OUR FRONTSPIECE, ENLARGED TO AT LEAST TWICE ITS PRESENT SIZE.  
First Prize, **Three Guineas**; Second Prize, **Two Guineas**; Third Prize, **One Guinea**.

### MUSIC

8. A Prize of **Three Guineas** is offered for a tune to the hymn:

"Let us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind."

### CHRISTMAS CARD

9. A Prize of **Half-a-Guinea** is offered for an original Christmas Card. Pencil ink, crayon, water- or oil-colour may be used. The prize will be awarded rather for originality than for execution.

### SINGING

10. As we cannot ask our friends to come to London or elsewhere for a singing competition, we offer to give a **Silver Watch-chain Badge**, as a "Leisure Hour" prize, at any Eisteddfod or Competitive Concert held in connection with a Church or Chapel or Benevolent Institution on or before December 30, 1899.

The prize will be given for the soprano solo, "*I will sing of Thy great mercies*," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.

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We have to limit the offer to sopranos only, but we hope to extend the offer later for other voices.

The conditions to be that the chairman or conductor shall certify that not less than 100 persons were present when the solo was sung, and that the judge or judges shall also certify that the competitor whose name is given has, in his or their opinion, deserved the prize.

Such certificates to be forwarded to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour" on or before January 1, 1900, with copies of the programme, on which it should be distinctly announced that the prize is offered by the Editor of the "Leisure Hour." The "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Tickets given on p. 13 of advertisements must be attached to all applications for the silver badge.

### NEEDLEWORK

11. (A) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.  
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.
- (B) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.  
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.
- (C) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.  
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor.

### RULES

1. Competitors may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than two prizes will be awarded to one competitor.

2. Every competitor must cut out the *Eisteddfod Ticket* given on p. 13 of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing his or her competitions. One ticket may thus cover several competitions, but they must be all from one family, and all enclosed in one envelope, having the ticket outside.

3. Essays must be written on foolscap paper, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

4. For *Essays* the latest date is December 2, 1899; *Art, Needlework, and Music*, December 16; *Singing*, January 1, 1900.

5. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

6. No essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.

### COLONIAL READERS

For our Colonial friends we open all the above competitions until March 15, 1900, and offer additional prizes of the same value, provided that not less than twelve compete in any one class. All Colonial competitions must be received at this office not later than March 15, 1900.

